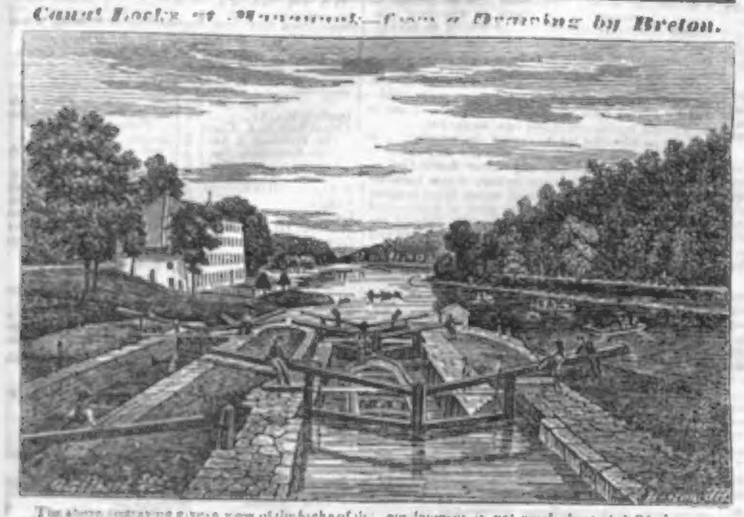
Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 24, 1835. Whole No. 743.

Canal Locks at Manayunk.—From a Drawing by Breton.



The above engraving gives a view of the locks of the Schuylkill canal, at the village of Manayunk, about seven miles from Philadelphia. This canal commences at Fair Mount, where a substantial dam has been thrown across the river, for the purpose of raising the water, to feed the extensive water works of the city corporation. At the dam, on the western side of the river, there are twelve locks, to admit freight boats down to any of the wharves below, and to carry them up to the canal further up to the west. From these locks the canal is carried under Schuylkill, along the course of the river on the western shore, to a point opposite the lower end of Manayunk, where it crosses over and passes the locks described in the engraving, at which place, nearly six miles, the Schuylkill canal may be said to begin, as it is here that the canal first diverges from the river, and where the first digging was executed. These locks, three in number, are of the most substantial character, and reflect great credit on the contractors by whom they were erected.

From the locks the canal passes up near the edge of the river, and through the village to Flat Rock, one mile above, where there is a dam across the river, and an outlet lock, through which boats again pass into the Schuylkill. Along this distance the river is shallow, with a rocky bed, presenting an impediment to navigation, and of course rendering the canal and especially necessary to the preservation of a convenient chain of water communication between Philadelphia and Reading.

The town of Manayunk, which has sprung up since the construction of the Schuylkill canal, deserves to be noticed in connexion with that important work. It is now a lively and flourishing village, with a population of upwards of 3000 souls, most of whom are engaged in the manufacturing business. The extensive and unequalled water power, and mills of various kinds have been erected on its banks. In all, the number of mills and manufacturing establishments on the canal, between the locks at Manayunk and Flat Rock, is eighteen, comprising cloth mills, cotton cloth mills, paper mills, a mill for manufacturing pasteboards, a drug mill, a saw grinding mill, smiths and flour mills, and a rolling and slitting mill, each of which does a large amount of business. At one of the cloth mills, upwards of 7000 yards of goods are manufactured per day, and one of the flour mills turns out daily upwards of two hundred barrels of flour. The capital invested in these mills is very large, and the number of hands to whom they give employment, is not much short of 200, the greater portion of whom are females.

It is also these mills there are others, principally grist mills, on Rocky and Wissahickon creeks, in the immediate neighbourhood of Manayunk.

Manayunk contains a number of well built dwelling houses, two or three hotels, and several very handsome churches. The school house is that kept by Mr. Alexander Quinton, and is an excellent boys, perhaps, as any tavern in the place. This house is the popular place of resort for visiters from Philadelphia, and almost every thing in the way of refreshment, can be obtained at a moment's notice. Mr. Quinton is an attentive and obliging landlord, held in high esteem by those who frequent his house. Attached to the hotel there is a very fine garden, the best in the town, in which much labour and expense have been bestowed. Its beautiful flowers and grass, and neatly arranged walks, never fail to interest and delight the stranger.

The handsomest church in the village is that lately erected for the Episcopal congregation, from a design furnished by Andrew Young, Esq. architect. It is a beautiful edifice, built in the Gothic style, and is an honor to the town. The Presbyterians have lately erected a new church which is now nearly finished. Besides these there is a Dutch Reformed, a Methodist and a Roman Catholic church, the latter having a very large worshipping congregation. There are also a number of Primitive Methodists in the town, but they are now without a public church.

From the centre of Manayunk a bridge has been thrown across the Schuylkill. It was built by subscription, and pays about 8 per cent. on the investment. There is also a bridge at Flat Rock above, and another at the Falls, below. A Macadamized turnpike, commencing at the Ridge road, about a mile below the town, and extending to Flat Rock bridge, passes through the village. The road pays about 8 per cent. The railroad from Philadelphia to Norristown also passes through Manayunk, so that the one but few towns in the state that possess more advantages as thoroughfares, and in the way of good turnpikes, canals and railroads.

Manayunk has within her reach every facility for becoming an extensive manufacturing town, and with a thriving population, embracing many individuals distinguished for liberality, skill and enterprise, she cannot fail speedily to acquire an important influence in Philadelphia county.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE YOUNG SHAWNEE'S FAREWELL.

Farewell Susquehanna! farewell noble stream,
For the brown mountain's song, once the loftiest theme,
I hear the waves dash on the grey pebbled shore,
But the lovely whisper o'er me, "thou'll hear them no more."

I go—the pale faces have bid me depart,
They have scattered the blood of my arte's noble heart,
The bones of a thousand, grow white on the plain,
Their loud whoops of war will ne'er mingle again.

Our wigwams they've torn from the brow of the hill,
The forests we worshipp'd, bow down at their will;
And then amid the rocks where their battlements rose,
The screaming hawk when the leaves are clear.

We have fought hard and long, but the struggle is o'er,
The bow string will twang by these waters no more;
The scalp of the cachem is torn from his brow,
And the black wing of death is his canopy now.

There yet is a land to the wi'd hunter dear,
Where the Miami rolls through the wilderness drear,
And there the lone child of the forest will go,
And hunt by the broad lakes the brown buffalo.

I pass him'd their cold cheek—I have bade them adieu,
The brothers I lov'd, and my dark sisters too!
The long grass their mantle—the cold ground their bed,
But bright are the wilds where their spirits have fled.

Sweet vale though I love thee, I would not remain,
Thus lonely to weep o'er the hearts of the slain;
I will go o'er the blaze on yon mountain expanse,
That yesterday caught from our war kindled fires.

Roll on Susquehanna—as proud art thou yet,
As when my young eyes, and thy glory first met,
As when with light heart o'er thy surface so blue,
I steer'd round thy green isles my light bark canoe.

Farewell!—ere the rays that now silver thy breast,
Paint up from the far purple hills of the west,
The red child will wander in spirit subdued,
Through the dark pathless depth of the pine solitude.

A. T. L.

SKETCHES & RECOLLECTIONS.

By John Poole, Esq. Author of "Paul Pry," &c.

There are two capital volumes. It is true that we remember, as we turned over the leaves, to have read most of the papers before; but they are all so good—so rich, racy, and full of humour, that we were only the more delighted to meet them once again, and we welcomed them as old friends. As, however, many of the papers to which we especially refer, were published when the present generation was yet in its bib and tucker, they will not only be delightful, but new to most of our readers. We shall give but one extract.

EARLY RISING.

"I do not call him an early riser who, once in his life, may have been forced out of his bed at eight o'clock on a November morning, in consequence of his house having been on fire ever since seven; nor would I attach such a stigma to him who, in the sleepless night of bombardment and bravado, should for once and away 'awake, arise,' even three or four hours earlier, in the entire excitement of *I, myself, have done it!* But the fact is, that the thing, as a constant practice, is impossible to one who is not 'to the manner born.' He must be taught it, as a fish is taught to swim, from his earliest infancy. * * *

"I know it may be objected to me that chimney sweepers, drummers, &c. are early risers; but this I would rather take to be a vulgar error than admit it as a fact: what good can you adduce that they have yet been to bed? For my own part, I am unwilling to think so uncharitably of human nature as to believe that any sensible being would force another to quit his bed at five o'clock, on a frosty morning. * *

"I have confessed that once, in a sheer spirit of bravado, I myself rose (or promised to rise,) at that ignominious period of the night, known, or rather heard of, by the term 'four in the morning.' My folly deserved a severe punishment, which, indeed, it received in its own consequences: but, since I have lately been informed that 'a good-natured friend' is of opinion that a memoir the additional chastisement of public exposure, I will (to paint him the *prince* of boasting it upon me,) inflict the lash with my own hand.

"I had the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays very agreeably with a family at Bristol.*

"Having an appointment of some importance, for the eighth of January, in London, I had settled that my son should remain on Twelfth night. On the morning of that festive occasion I had not resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town; when, walking along Broad street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach-advertisements which were pasted on walls. The 'Highflyer' announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a rational hour; the 'Magnet' at ten in the morning—somewhat of the earliest; whilst the 'Wonder' was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!! * * *

—a glaring impossibility.

"We often experience an irresistible impulse to interfere in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of ours; and the case in question being closely no affair of mine, I resolved to inquire into it. I went into the coach-office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*.

"'So sir,' said I, to the book-keeper, 'you start a coach to London at five in the morning?'

"'Yes sir,' replied he—and with the most perfect *nonchalance!*

"'You understand me? At five—*five?*—in the morning?' rejoined I, with an emphasis sufficiently expressive of doubt.

"'Yes, sir: five to a minute—two minutes later you'll lose your place.'

"This exceeded all my notions of human impudence. It was evident I had here an extraordinary mine to work: so I determined upon digging into it a few fathoms deeper.

"'And would you, now, venture to *book* a place for me?'

"'Let you know directly, sir.—(Hand down the 'Wonder's' Lannun-book, there.)—*When far sir?*'

"I stood aghast at the fellow's coolness.

"'After a momentary pause, 'For to-morrow,' said I.

"'Full outside, sir; just one place vacant in.'

"'The very word, 'outside,' bringing forcibly to my mind the idea of ten or a dozen shivering creatures being induced, by any possible means, to perch themselves on the top of a coach, on a dark, dull, dingy, drizzling morning in January, confirmed me in my belief that the whole affair was, what is vulgarly called a take-in.'

"'Very well, sir, I'll you please.'

"'And, perhaps, you will go so far as to receive half my fare?'

"'If you please, sir—one pound two.'

"'Well, you are an extraordinary person! Perhaps, now—pray be attentive—perhaps, now, you will carry on the thing so far as to receive the whole?'

"'If you please, sir—two pound four.'

"I paid him the money, observing, at the same time, and in a tone calculated to impress his imagination with a vivid picture of attorneys, counsel, judge, and jury—'You shall hear from me again.'

"'If you please, sir; to-morrow morning, at five *punctual*—start to a minute, sir—thank'ee, sir—good morning, sir.'

"And this he uttered without a blush! ! !

"To what expedients,' thought I, as I left the office, 'men will resort, for the purpose of injuring their neighbours! Here is one who exposes himself to the consequences of an action at law, or, at least, to the expense of sending me to town in a chaise and four, at a reasonable hour of the day; and all for so paltry an advantage as that of preventing my paying a trifling sum to a rival proprietor—and on the preposterous pretence, too, of sending me off at five in the morning.'

"The first person I met was my friend, Mark Norlington, and——

"'Even now, though months have since rolled over my head, I shudder at the recollection of the agonies I suffered, when I assured him of the frightful fact that I had, really and truly, engaged myself to travel in a coach which, *really and truly, would start at five in the morning!* * * *

"'It may be asked why I did not forfeit my forty-four shillings, and thus escape the calamity. No; the laugh would have been too much against me; so, resolving to put a bold face on the matter, I——— I will not say I walked——I positively *swaggered* about the streets of Bristol, for an hour or two, with all the self-importance of one who has already performed some extraordinary exploit, and is conscious that the wondering gaze of the multitude is directed towards him. Being condemned to the reserve, it was but fair I should enjoy the honours, of the undertaking. To every person I met, with whom I had the slightest acquaintance, I said aloud, 'I start at *five* to-my-*true* morning!' at the same time adjusting my cravat and pulling up my collar; and went into three or four shops and purchased trifles, for which I had no earthly occasion, for the pure gratification of my vain-glory, in saying, 'Be sure you send them to night, for I am to *go* in the morning!'

"'But, beneath all this show of gallantry, my heart, like that of many another hero on equally desperate occasions—my heart was ill at ease.

* * * * * *

"'I returned to Reeve's Hotel, College Green, where I was lodging. * * *

"'The individual who, at that time, so ably filled the important office of 'Boots,' at the hotel, was a character. He it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman, who was to go by one of the morning coaches, and who, in consequence of such neglect, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the mind agent mind of Mr. Boots.

"'Boots,' said I, in a mournful tone, 'you must call me at four o'clock.'

"'Yo've want to get up, zur?' inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

"'Want it, indeed! no; but I must.'

"'Well, zur, I'd can't'ee; if you be so zure to get up as I be to can't'ee, you'll not know what two minutes after vore means in your bed. Note as ever clock strikes, I'll have'ee, donged if I doant! Good night, zur;'—and exit Boots.

"'And now I'll pack my portmanteau.'

"It was a bitter cold night, and my bed-room fire had gone out. Except the rushlight, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment, the walls of which (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rushlight, as they struggled through the holes of the box,) were of dark brown wainscot—but one solitary wax taper. Three toy coats, trowsers, linen, books, papers, dressing materials, in due confusion, about the room. In the habitants around who seldom venture here, have very solemn stories to tell,—but how much more solemn would be their stories, if put upon one of our wide country roads, no matter how small the rivals—all built too, for generations to come! By the arches of this one, in a little grove which my needle and thread I began the repairing of rents and rips in my garments, gipsey-like. For after all, the gipsies best understand the art of travelling, as it is a profession with them. I found a little further down, some anglers for trout, abounding here. We chatted with a cow-boy, who told us his wages were 20 dollars a year, about fifteen of which found him in clothes! A drunken fellow, full of beer, crept to the skirt, challenged us to enter a Kirkby, Lonsdale, a beautiful place *outside* of the town, but ugly enough *within*.

Now we were beginning to be in the Salmon region, and we began to feast upon this king of the fishes, for adieu to English trout, char and turbot, when I can see the red sides of a salmon. Our dinner over, milk enough of foot travelling for the present day, we mounted a stage coach, and soon found ourselves in Kendall, 18 miles off—a manufacturing town, with not a little squalid poverty in its bye-lanes. Our ride was through a pleasant country,—but one goes along so fast, that he can see but little of it, and when he is in a coach, he is here no much *above* the mass of the people, that he can have no sport at all in studying men and manners. If I had time, I would love to go through the world on foot. Kendal, you know, (I don't know whether you know it or not,—but you *know* is a phrase an Englishman throws in at the turn of every sentence, when he is hunting for a new idea, or the words to fill the coming one,—just as he has three adjectives for all the purposes of conversation, *clever*, for one, *nice* for the second, and *nasty* for the third, (oh, what an abominable word!) and with whomsoever you talk, of any education, man of woman, you will have them all before ten minutes are over)—but Kendal, you know (I am getting the rascally habit) is *great* in linsey woolsey, worsted stockings, fish hooks, *sailor's* jackets and leather;—and many of some of these articles, we have in America from Kendal. I spent the evening in studying the geography of the lakes where we were going,—in reading some of Wordsworth's Poems whom we intended to see—and in toiling the questions of a man who was puzzling his brains to devise where on the earth we came from, as we spoke English, like the Christian English, and therefore weren't French,—and yet were not English, as we knew nothing of the thousand little things a native shews he knows. At last I am certain, he puts us down for French who spoke the English remarkable well,—for America is in the estimation of an Englishman, who seldom or never sees an American, so far off, that he would never fancy (fancy is the English for the Yankee *guess*) that any *sensible* man would come over three thousand miles of ocean to see English lake scenery—and therein he was about right, I think myself, remembering the glorious lake scenery we have at home.

But I did not go to see the Lakes. I went to see the great intellect whose fancy has hovered over and illumined them, making every hill vocal and every valley glorious; and wherever I went it was all the same to me, so I did not come to see the shows of Guide Books, nor to have dreams over English lakes and mountains. Ambleside, on Lake Windermere, was our stopping place, about 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, twenty miles from Kendal, where we had come in a stage coach with many other persons, like ourselves hunting after the scenery of the lake. We met a hundred or two of carts in our way, pushing for Kendal, as it was market day, when all the country people, come into town to sell their superfluous "motions," which and whom our coachman cruelly knocked to the right and left if they were in his way, laughing all the time at the hubbub he created. At Rawdens we had a view of the far-famed Lake of Windermere, which as indeed very beautiful, but not worth going very many miles out of one's way to see, especially if he has lived long in America. What gives it in my eye its peculiar beauty, is the very many villas with which its banks are adorned. The wealth and the taste of England have clustered on its shores. Fancy a naturally wild spot dotted all along with charming seats, in which is some of the best society in England, where learned leisure loves to resort—and you will have some idea of what gives the interest to the scene. Professor Wilson of the Blackwood Magazine has a seat here, the building of which was one of the fancies of his youth, and where, it is said, he first received the literary impetus, which has made his Magazine, preaching even the abominable political creed it does, the absest in the world, and the most interesting too—every body of any taste in Great Britain of every party, reading it as he would a gem. This beautiful seat, Hamilton, of "an grand manner memory," has now lived for a term of years. A villa at the head of the lake was pointed out to me,—(and I do not see but that the English are as fond of telling of these things, as it is said the New York merchants are,) as costing 100,000 dollars,—and this too with but a little land around it. So much was given for a *prospect* by a rich merchant of London, whose home is nearly 200 miles off! Another was shown me near this, that cost 40,000. If our farmers could sell their lake prospects for such sums, they would soon make fortunes too. I never shall cease admiring or extolling the love that the English have for a country life, though lost sed, as it probably is, by the reflection that they make no members of society in enjoying it. All about here, often hidden in the trees, are gardens, parks and pleasure grounds.

The lake is seven miles long, surrounded by hills or mountains—the greatest breadth being one or two—and it is the largest of the English lakes now? It has many islands, some of which are beautifully grouped near the middle of the lake. Small boats are kept by families for their own private use, and these are many at Ambleside for hire—so that every fair day, the lake is made to appear much more beautiful by the life that is upon it. At times when from the distance, one has a view as we had, of the mist hanging on the tops of the mountains, fantastically shaping itself by every puff of wind, the diamond sun light falling upon it, with the little clouds too troop s; from hill side to hill side, as so many pertinkled spirits—then, indeed, one's ideas are elevated to admiration, and one feels that there may be grandeur in the view. But I cannot understand an Englishman when he speaks of the sublime, here. I can love its beauty—I feel soothed and quieted by the calm display of mountain and of lake—I should even be happy in such a home; but no man can feel sublimity here, who has left that beating of the heart and thrilling of the blood that all must feel, who have looked upon the stupendous outlines of American scenery.

At the "Salutation Inn" in Ambleside, where I perused my Guide Book again, I found that it ordered me to have a room over a waterfall not far off—and I proceeded there to have one, "according to order." I wound my way up a path, back of the inn, and hunted after the waterfall—and after I had found it, I was so uncertain whether this could be the waterfall of the Book, that I was obliged to inquire, before I should run the hazard of pumping up the spasm—for a spasm in vain in such a case would be a spasm lost. The waterfall—and it is a famous one hereabout—I could do upon a few wine bottles, and send the whole of it to America, if it were worth the while. I hate these Guide Books, and would never look into another, if it could be helped; for they send you hunting after a hundred things not worth seeing, and when you visit any object really remarkable, they order you to have no many spasms over it, that if a man is of my temper, he is much more inclined to laugh than to admire. I can never *feel* when I am *ordered* to feel, and never weep when I am bidden. The waterfall aforesaid is rather steep, and has some rocks in it—and there would be a very good *chance* for a waterfall—if the stream was a hundred times wider, and the water ten thousand times more abundant.

After a short tarry, we left Ambleside, and winding along on foot among some paths that led from the main road to many country seats, almost all of which were beautiful, and highly adorned with flowers and ivy, all too, betokening wealth, not over much, but excellent taste, we came to a little stream near Rydal water, which runs merrily along to the Lake. Under the branches of the trees, overhanging this, we equipped ourselves for "good society," as well as we could in such a travelling plight, from my little portmanteau, holding only a collar or two, in the way of dress, and then we wound up the slope of the hill to present our letter of introduction to Mr. Wordsworth. My friend to whom the letter especially belonged, rapped at the door of the Poet,—and I sat down on a neighboring ledge, and took out my writing materials to note some of the peculiarities of this new scene. Before I had gone far with this,—Mr. Wordsworth himself came out and his cordial unaffected welcome soon relieved me from all embarrassments. Among all the great men on the two sides of the ocean, whom it has been my fortune to see, he is the only one whose real self, embodied the man whom my fancy had drawn. He dwelt too in some such place as I should suppose such a Poet to dwell.

A lover of nature, he had sought the loveliest spot he could find,—and he had found what ought to be, and what seems as if it were made to be, the very spot for such a man. He took us into his library,—among his books, busts and paintings,—and though there was nothing remarkable in such a study; yet it is pleasant to have been in the study, from which so much of beautiful poetry has come. He then walked with us the lawn grounds. Back of his dwelling is a mountain artificial mound, called Rydal Mount (the name of his seat) he showed us a charming view of Windermere in the distance. Here with a poet's soul he dwelt upon the beauty of the spot,—with no affectation, no display of words, but in that calm and quiet narration, ever the offspring of natural feeling. 'I live,' said he, 'on other people's prospects, I have the finest view of Windermere, and yet it costs me nothing.'

Here you see what is gained by living over other people's heads. I have all their prospects, and my own too;—and I thought it was no bad speculation even for a poet, to make such a purchase, as I saw in the glen below him, some pretty vales, and the little church with its Gothic tower just peeping through the trees. He took us next from this fine view to Rydal water, a little lake, or pond as we should call it; at the base of the mountain,—and as we went through a bower of bays, with logs for seats, our eyes fell upon this lovely spot. No wonder, thought I, that you can write poetry, in such a place, I even feel it in my own veins. We moved along through various walks that wound around the hill—now in wood, now in garden, now in field, now on the slope of the hill, now on plain, and now on precipice almost,—and then we returned to the cottage itself, all intwined in shrubbery and flowers. "The eye," said he 'must study landscape scenery before it can properly love it.' It needs training for *this as it does for* the proper perception of all the beauties of a great painting. An *impression* may be made, but the intense delight that a true lover of nature feels in looking at a beautiful prospect, comes of education in part,'—and I could well see that the maker and adorner of the charming spot *had* studied nature as other people study books, forgetting not even the humblest blade of grass.

The Poet with an earnest hospitality, pressed us to partake of his dinner which was already upon the table some three or four hours earlier than a London dinner. There was no escaping such an invasion thus given, though there is nothing I dislike so much as eating dinners on a level of introduction,—but as this was no dinner purposely prepared for guests, the objection was softened much. The conversation ran upon our country, and its resources, and its probable destiny. "Heaven grant," said Mr. Wordsworth, "that your *experiment* may succeed. It is a bold and a great one,—and if it meets success, lets man upward one further step,—but I do not believe it will. There are too many in the world that will seize that splendid prize of yours—the chief Magistracy I mean, honestly if they can, but at any rate they *will* seize it, if they have to do it even as Cæsar did. I cannot believe," he added, "your States will hold together. You count too much upon the moderation and virtue of *all* mankind,—for one man who will demagogue much, can do infinite mischief where he can act upon a whole people who are in fact the *whole* government of the State." I told him of our checks and balances, and all those bulwarks upon which we rely. The conversation then ran upon what he termed the utility of an aristocracy, that should in some degree concentrate wealth for the purpose of patronizing genius and rearing up a society in which men of intellect and learning should live and flourish. I told him we must rely upon our mercantile wealth for all this,—and then I pressed the question, of which was the better in the scale of human happiness that *the mass* should flourish as with us, or *the few* as in Britain. The mass he contended were happy here, and had enough to eat and wear. "The aristocracy and gentry provided for *all* the poor." I shook my head, and only added that the mass seemed made for other purposes than to *eat, drink* and *wear*. The conversation changed. Thus do Englishmen and Americans differ. An Englishman has no idea of what a popular government, by ever impelling and exciting the mass to improvement, can do in elevating their minds and characters, to say nothing of that lower object, the acquisition of property,—and what renders them doubtful of the principles of the mass, is its ferocity when excited here in England, and Ireland. We have no such mobs unless it be in New York, which is getting to be an European city, that some chance or other has dropped on our side of the water.

After dinner, when we were introduced to the family of Wordsworth, who, received us with hospitality as kind and as disinterested as his, he generously offered to conduct us to some of the scenery around, which we expressed some interest in seeing, as they were spots which his poetry has made known as they were spots which his poetry has made known in America as well as in England. I felt much reluctance in troubling *such a* guide,—but yet how pleasant it is to have the Poet himself, in his own person, pointing out the vale, and mountain, and lake, son, pointing out the vale, and mountain, and lake, that his own pen has peopled with the beings of his own fancy! And how delightful this idea of communing one's own home through all coming time, by creating one's own home through all coming time, by throwing around it the enchantment of poetic fancy, throwing around it the enchantment of poetic fancy, —giving the hills that shall never die, and the waters —giving the hills that shall never die, and the waters that shall never cease to flow, trumpet-tongues that for that shall never cease to flow, trumpet-tongues that for all ages shall speak the poet's name,—making them all ages shall speak the poet's name,—making them by his genius the monuments of his own glory,— by his genius the monuments of his own glory,— loftier Mausoleums too than man can pile together,— loftier Mausoleums too than man can pile together,— and as lasting as earth itself. The pyramids of and as lasting as earth itself. The pyramids of Egypt are no such monuments as Laugdale Pikes,— Egypt are no such monuments as Laugdale Pikes,— and as long as they stand, Wordsworth's name will and as long as they stand, Wordsworth's name will dwell with them, and thus long the traveller will view dwell with them, and thus long the traveller will view them with an interest that the scenery itself, wild as it is, can never create.—Wordsworth showed us all, and wandered with us some three or four miles more. He took us to the grounds of Capt. Hamilton (of men and manners memory, whose Book by the way has done us infinite mischief in England, for all the intelligent people took upon him as a man of talent and character, while Mrs. Trollope is every where viewed as an amusing caricature)—and, as he was not now at home, he showed us his house and grounds. The house is on but a narrow piece of ground,—and yet, the ground has been so laid out, with such a square of prospect, and such an improvement even of the ledge of rocks near which it is, that it is made a charming spot, *I do not* know but that this turning of ill to good is one of the finest achievements of English taste I have ever seen. Even the little cliff is made an ornament. The water view in front is fine. And then the flowers and shrubbery, they so adorn the house as to make it seem a fairy bower. But Lady —somebody whom Hamilton is to marry, or has married, will remove him from this to a larger place where more friends can be accommodated. Mr. Wordsworth next escorted us over the grounds of Lady le Fleming—Rydal Hall, as it is called. "To have an idea as'd he, of the manner in which property is preserved here under our laws, and in a single family, you must remember that this estate has been in the family (of Norman descent) ever since the days of Henry VI." I remember by the way, a good discussing this law of Primogeniture, with an Englishman in London, who, at least gave me a new, if not a good argument in its behalf. "One law, said he, makes but one poor devil in the family, the eldest son—yours make many, for it throws wealth into the hands of all. The younger sons with us must look out for themselves. Yours are looked after by Mr. Wordsworth pointed out to us a beautiful cascade on the estate of Rydal Hall, near which was built a rustic seat to give a front view,—and then from these garden scenes, we began a ramble over the rougher hills. The poet took his umbrella, for here there is a shower every other hour,—and though he was obliged to handle this, and watch his straw hat the wind played roughly with, yet, sixty-five years old as he told us he was, he would clamber up and down the cliffs with as sprightly a foot as we could. He guided us to Loughrigg Mount, where we had a view of the Grasmere Lake, and clambering over a wall, where the poet lost his hat, for which we had a race,—and then sitting on the brow of the mount, we had a view of a little paradise below—mountains all around, a little lake—with a narrow valley highly cultivated—flocks grazing on the brows of the hills—a church in the distance—the village of Grasmere,—a well made road winding around the water—nature and labor doing so much—indeed it is one of the most beautiful views I ever had of such a character! On we went then, to yet wilder spots, till we came to a lone house amid the hills, where poverty plainly dwelt. Along which Wordsworth entering, brought the good woman to the door, whom he addressed in almost another language, the (Cumberland dialect) and after inquiring about her health and that of her family in the kindest and most familiar manner, solicited her to let the guide of her son. This was yet the best display of Wordsworth's character I had seen, so much of simplicity was there—so free from ostentation—such a benevolence,—and then so much of respect and affection from the old woman, to one who had evidently done her a thousand generous services. I shall always love the man and his poetry the better for such a scene. While the guide was adjusting his dress, we sat down upon some rocks, and Wordsworth pointed out the scene of his "Excursion," and some of his minor poems. He then dwelt upon the critics who had assailed him in his early life, and made his poetry unpopular. They may have affected my fortune, he said, and thus my enjoyments and my means of doing good,—but they have never wounded *my* feelings—for I never wrote for popular applause—I felt that the time would come, when justice would be done,—and now I have that justice—now when the reward is most sweet, as I am above need and my days. I have it in such an interest as you and others like you, just beginning life, and from the most distant parts of the world, have expressed in my behalf." Indeed he has. His morn was dark and cloudy. The noon of his life had none of the midday light. But his sun is setting in one unbroken stream of lustre. All are awarding him praise. Tardy justice has come at last, with triple honors. Even the sole and proud position of Milton is in danger. But I believe all this is but the beginning of his fame for *his* is a school that stands the test of time, the school of Nature.

Our guide having at length arrived, Wordsworth marked out our route on a slip of paper, with all the views of interest for miles, over all of which he had wandered, and which he had studied for years and years. I could not avoid expressing warmly a wish that he could visit America, and there find a wilderness of scenery worthy of such a pen,—immortalizing our mountains and our vales, as he had those of his own home. "I shall never see America," he said,—"I might if I were younger—but I shall never cease to have an interest in all its history." I took out my pen, ink and paper, and asked for his autograph. "Impossible, I see in front of us. June 20th, 1835," rears in my eyes. "For the love of God, sir," and "Vive, vive" from such a man!

In these details of an interview with Mr. Wordsworth, I hope my friends will not think that I violate any of the civilities of life by a publication. I feel that I have done nothing of which he would complain, occupying the position in the world that he does, and this must be my acquittal) for of all unpleasant offices, that of reporting a private conversation upon matters where secrecy is tacitly expected, I should avoid the quickest. It is ever dangerous ground to tread I know, and a great discrimination is to be used. And he who expects such kindness from many literary Englishmen, professing no more liberality toward the American government than Wordsworth's political principles can allow him to have, will expect in vain. Beware, I tell my countrymen, of wasting admiration upon certain men, radicals though they be, and great admirers though, of radicalism as paper, but aristocrats and tops in fact. A courtier of the mob here, on paper is often a Lord-hunter in person. I have been told—I do not know, for I have not seen him but in his seat in the House of Commons, and do not wish to see him elsewhere after what I have heard—that a certain novelist, whose talent and whose power all Americans show their taste in extolling high, is but the person whom I have described, and that the incense we burn at his altar is but snuffed at as the offering of some brute beast. As a fact, it is stated, that the kindness which is shown to Americans by Sir Robert Peel, whose political prospects depend upon stopping the progress of American principles, is much more remarkable than that of the radical who writes so much in their favor.

About 6 o'clock, we started on a further pilgrimage, amidst some of the loneliest places I ever was in, as if there the foot of man, had never trodden. In the peculiar words of our Guide, now were on a *barrow*, (a hill)—now on a *cap*, (a little round-topped hill)—now on a *dod*, (a smaller hill attached to a larger mountain,)—anon among the *screes*, (loose stones,)—and soon meeting a *tarn*, (a pond.) At last, weary of this, we desired from the route prescribed, and getting the best directions we could from a people who used such puzzling words as these, we started for Borrowdale. Our guide led us along one vale, at the base of Langdale Pikes to the mountains dividing this from yet another vale, the ascent of which we began, over rocks,—*gibbs*, (mountain stream,) and *fells*, (hills) I think we must have ascended 2000 feet or more by a most difficult path, when Borrowdale stretched upon us in a long view. Langdale Pikes (high mountains) were yet towering above our heads. We were in the *House*, (the throat or narrow passage over the mountain.) Here were the *krags*, forming the *gills*, that soon became *sykes*, (a larger stream than a gill,) and soon were *becks*, (trickles or brooks,) running rapidly down the mountain. On the top of the mountain, we dismissed our guide; and as the sun was setting, took our lone walk down the descent to Borrowdale—a walk solitary and rough enough, I can assure you.

This long vale, reaching nine or ten miles, did not have in it a single inhabitant. Nothing of life was seen but the sheep. Not a single tree was in view,—and the solitude, thus stripped as the vale is of any thing to relieve the eye, seemed awful indeed. We traced the streams till they formed a little river, and for a long time we followed the course of that. Such is some of the country many miles from Wordsworth's residence—with vales where a man might live for years undisturbed, and this, too, in thickly crowded England! Exhausted almost, and toward midnight, we came down from among the rocks upon a cultivated vale, which is but another part of Borrowdale. The dogs gave us the first notice that we were in the neighborhood of men. At last our fatigues were forgotten in the neat public house, with its excellent beds. I found on inquiry, that our mountain excursion, with the curveta we had made, was about twenty miles, in all of which we had not seen a dozen habitations!

B.

From Atkinson's Casket.

HARP FAREWELL.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Harp, farewell, oh farewell,
Thy wild chords have all been broken;
Oh thou sad, unsightly token,
Fare thee well;
Dark will be the coming morrow,
When thou mayst not speak my sorrow
Oh, farewell.

Harp adieu, oh adieu,
I have loved thee long, yet sadly,
For thy sweetest chords spoke madly,
Harp adieu;
Thou hast been my solace only,
When this wearied heart was lonely
Oh, adieu.

Harp away, oh away,
All thy hidden string-s are shattered,
And thy sweetest lays are scattered,
Harp away;
Though I leave thee in thy sadness,
Thou hast known of joy and gladness,
Oh, away.

THE INSOLVENT.

"I have a matter to mention to you in confidence," said young Mr. Grist to his neighbor Peter Prince, one morning—"you see I have got together a very handsome property, two farms, three or four houses, and with all enough to support me during the remainder of my days in peace and plenty."

"It gives me great pleasure to learn," said the old man, "that my young friend has been so far successful, and in a few years, to realize what I have been aiming at for forty, and have hardly gained—an independence—and all by honest thrift doubtless."

"Honest, aye, you know I always sustained a clear reputation: but there is one grand point to gain yet; a finishing stroke to put on the business, and I must have your assistance."

"At your service," said Mr. Prince, "what shall I do for you?"

"My debts—my debts, Peter they are in the way—I must apply the brush to them, or I never shall be worth a groat. The Insolvent Act you know will fix this matter, and for the present I wish you to take a conveyance of all my property, while I slip through the crucible."

Mr. Prince was a purely honest man, of the old school, but he had lived too long in the modern world to fall into hysterics, at the bare mention of such a proposal. He neither started, nor turned pale, nor pricked up his ears. But modestly told Mr. Grist, that he was sorry to hear such a proposition from him; and suggested in the most polite terms he could as to the entire correctness of such a course as he had been urged.

But Grist, however, had been taught in a far less conscientious school. What the last generations would have called swindling or theft, downright roguery—he had learned to distinguish by the less grating appellations of cunning, shrewdness and craft. To make away one's property for the purpose of defrauding honest creditors, Grist knew, like a good many other fashionables, considered rather an act of superior wisdom, than as a scandalous and degrading crime; and that a man deserved praise for it, instead of deserving a term in the State Prison. Acting on this theory himself; having long held it; and seeing moreover numerous instances around him in the world, not only of men acquiring property in this very way, but of men who having thus acquired their fortunes lived in the world honored and courted, it was scarcely to be wondered at, that he should importune Mr. Prince to assist him—for even these fashionable rogues seldom venture to trust one another.

"And what then," asked Mr. Prince, will you do with your creditors of the Great Spring factories."

"They must all have the cut," replied Grist, "I intend to deal with perfect honor and fairness in this business, and it shall never be said that I made fish of one and flesh of another."

"What, then, cut off the widows and orphans, the poor day-labourers, and mechanics, will you have no mercy on them?"

"Mercy?" replied Grist, rather astonished at the singular turn the conversation was taking—"you'll allow, Mr. Prince, that every thing is fair in charity, charity begins at home, and the step I am about taking is absolutely necessary to preserve my property: I must take care of myself first therefore."

"Excellent reasoning," said Peter, "wait until to-morrow, and I will be ready with an answer."

It is well, said the young gentleman, rather out of humour that his neighbour should be scrupulous, "but remember, if you decline the honour, I can easily find a friend who will not."

They parted, and Mr. Prince after giving the case a thorough consideration, took up his determination. The next morning his friend called on him again, and found him willing to undertake the trust; the deeds were regularly made out and acknowledged—and Mr. Prince, became the legal owner all of Grist's property.

To complete the game was an easy task. Grist put on a long face, and while he laughed in his sleeves, plead perfect poverty; went on the limits; swore he was not worth five pounds, &c. &c. and came out a new member of society, able, to be boasted, to snap his fingers at the world, as he owed nothing to the Devil or sometimes cheats his customer when they little dream of it.

A few weeks after his liberation, Grist called upon the old gentleman to release him from his agency, by making a final settlement of the property in his family. Mr. Prince met him with a grave face, and in answer to d him that he could not by any means acknowledge that his neighbour Grist had any interest or right whatever in the property in question, because to entertain such an idea would be to charge him directly with committing perjury, when he swore he had no such right and interest. And that further, as the property really in fact belonged to other people than Philadelphia Grist, having been purchased out of their money he felt it his duty to put the true owners in possession.

Mr. Grist was thunderstruck; and after in vain attempting to persuade himself and Prince that his new idea was all a joke, he abandoned the ground in utter despair, and after two or three fits of melancholy, turned himself over to labor in a decent livelihood. In the mean time Mr. Prince called the creditors of the insolvent together, and made a fair distribution of the whole estate among them.

LACONICS.——No. III.

Never make a promise when the power of performing that promise shall depend on another.

Assume a cheerfulness in society, if you have it not.

What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments; or not to dare to do what he thinks he ought to do?

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or illnature of every one he converses with:—a man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue:—a modest assurance is the just mean between bash

Saturday Evening Post.

OCTOBER 24, 1835.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"Don Juo," and "Charlois," we respectfully decline.

The article from "Joe Merry" will be published shortly.

"Oh! touch not the Bowl," by J. E. M. shall have a place in our next.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The National Gazette states that Power, the comedian, will shortly give the public an account of his travels in the United States. The theatrical tour of so successful an artist cannot fail to excite much curiosity. The work will be issued in London and in this country simultaneously, here from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The September number of this work, just published, completes the first volume of this publication, the success of which is a sure proof of its merits as a literary periodical. It contains a number of well written and interesting articles, among which we may mention, the Sketch of Tripoli, the Essay on Education, Stories of General Warren and Mr. Poe's tale of "Loss of Breath." The poetry is generally excellent, and the critical notices are distinguished by candour and liberality. Altogether this periodical reflects the highest credit on the literary talent of the South.

Norman Leslie.—A tale of the present times—2 vols. Harpers & Brothers.—This novel is from the pen of Mr. Fay, one of the editors of the New York Mirror, who is now making the tour of Europe. Fay is a lively and agreeable writer, and many of his published sketches exhibit a vivid imagination, good taste, skill and refinement. Norman Leslie is a well-told story, abounding in interesting incident, and replete with thrilling passages. We shall give a specimen in our next.

The Book of Science.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just published part 3d of this valuable work, the leading object of which is to afford a familiar introduction to the principles of Natural History, adapted to the comprehension of young people. The present number is devoted to the interesting subject of chemistry, a science with which every well informed person should be in some measure acquainted.

The October number of the Knickerbocker, is enriched with communications from Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Landon, Miss M. A. Browne, Mrs. Griffith, Dr. Beasley, and other writers of ability. The second number of an Actor's Alloquy, and Gilpodiana, are very good, and the contents generally possess much interest.

The Eastern Penitentiary.—We have received the second volume of a work entitled—"A concise history of the Eastern Penitentiary, of Pennsylvania, together with a detailed statement of the proceedings of the Committee, appointed by the legislature, Dec. 6th, 1834, for the purpose of examining into the economy and management of that institution, embracing the testimony taken on that occasion, and legislative proceedings connected therewith. By a member of the legislature." Not having seen the first volume, we can say but little respecting the work. The second volume is principally taken up with depositions of evidence elicited by the committee, and with the various acts of the legislature relating to the penitentiary.

A New Dictionary.—Mr. James Knowles, father of Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, has just completed a new critical, pronouncing and explanatory dictionary of the English language, in a large octavo of 800 pages. It is highly spoken of by English critics, and is said to make a nearer approach to perfection, particularly in its rules and their application, than any similar work that has ever appeared. The numerical superiority of this dictionary is very great, as it appears that Todd's Johnson's contains 57,888 words, Sheridan's 40,000, Walker's 33,178, Webster's 62,236, while Mr. Knowles's contains upwards of 77,000, or nearly 20,000 more than Johnson's, and 13,000 more than Dr. Webster.

The Post Admiral.—A new edition of the Post Admiral, by the well-known author of Cavendish, Will Watch, &c. has just been published, in three volumes, by Carey & Hart, of this city. This is a work full of interest and variety, and one of the best sea stories that has ever been written.

PAUL ULRIC.

We give below, with the view of showing the tone and style of the author, a short extract from "Paul Ulric or the adventures of an Enthusiast," a new novel from the pen of Morris Mattson, Esq. of this city, about to be published by the Harpers, of New York. The editor of the Inquirer who has been favoured with the proof sheets of the work, and who is a good judge of the merits of such matters, says:—We have looked over but one or two chapters, but sufficient to convince us that the work possesses both merit and interest, and is, to say the least, far superior to much of the foreign trash that is republished in this country. The author is quite a young man, and this may be said to be his first serious attempt in the book-way, for his former production was merely a translation, although executed in a manner altogether creditable. As a first attempt, therefore, and by an American, we trust that it will be received with some degree of liberality, if not enthusiasm, and again express the opinion that the work is one of far more than ordinary merit. It is dedicated to the Hon. Louis M'Lane. The style is easy, natural and eloquent,—the story is full of incident.

My name is Paul Ulric. Thus much, gentle reader, you already know of one whose history is about to be recorded for the benefit of the world. I say *benefit*, because I trust there are but few who have not sufficient discretion to profit by the experience of others.

I was always an enthusiast; but of this I deem it inexpedient to say much at present. I will merely remark, that I possessed by nature a wild and adventurous spirit, which has led me on, blindly and hurriedly, from object to object, without any definite or specific aim. My life has been one of continual excitement; and in my wild career I have tasted of joy as well as sorrow. At one moment I have been elevated to the very pinnacle of human happiness; at the next, I have sunk to the lowest depths of despair. Still I fancied there was always an equilibrium. This may seem a strange philosphy to some; but is it the less true? The human mind is so constituted as always to seek a level. If it is depressed, it will be proportionately elevated; if elevated it will be proportionately depressed. It may justly be compared to a ship riding upon the billows; at one moment cleaving the heavens—at the next, wrecking in troubled waters. We can neither be entirely miserable, nor superlatively happy. There will be a mixture of sunshine and storm, and one continually succeeding the other. Those who have their dark thoughts—their moments of gloom and despondency—experience subsequently a corresponding degree of animation, and their spirits leap up and soar away as upon the wings of an angel.

But I am growing metaphysical, which I did not intend. Let me change the subject and say a few words of my father.

He—good soul!—had the misfortune to become a baronet; and this, like many other baronets—with reverence be it spoken—was not remarkable for his intelligence. He was born in Lower Saxony, but was taken by his parents, when only a year old to England. They died soon after, and he was thrown upon a benevolent parish, where he was initiated, by a certain distinguished rector, into the mysteries of boot cleaning. He appears to have been a lad of some spirit, as well as industrious habits; and was generally noted for his enterprise. At the age of ten he eloped from his kind hearted master—the rector—and became a vender of newspapers in the streets of London; at twelve, he sold potatoes in Covent Garden market on commission; at fifteen he absconded from a soap-boiler in the Strand, to whom he had been apprenticed; at eighteen, he engaged in a profitable speculation with a Jew—such as purchasing and selling old clothes; at twenty, he became the proprietor of a mock auction in Cheapside; and, at twenty-five, by some unaccountable good fortune he was the owner of a house in Regent street, and could boast of several thousand pounds in the funds.

The method by which he so suddenly acquired this affluence, has, thus far, remained a secret. I once heard it intimated however, that he was a frequent visiter at certain houses in St. James', usually denominated *hells*; but I was never at any pains to ascertain the truth of the surmise. It was enough to know that he was rich; and as he had gained a reputation among his friends for excellent wines and good dinners, this was a sufficient palliation for the sins and peccadilloes of his previous life, whatever they might have been.

My father had not reached his thirtieth year when a signal mark of distinction was conferred upon him, which produced a momentary sensation through all England. Let me narrate the circumstance. He was returning late one night from a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park; and as he was moving slowly along one of the principal streets, he observed a well-dressed gentleman, a short distance before him, who stumbled and fell to the pavement.—My father, with considerable effort, succeeded in raising him to his feet—for he was a heavy muscular person—but he proved to be too much under the influence of wine to travel further without assistance. The stranger had a full, handsome face; and the large magnificent diamond which glistened on one of his fingers, was sufficient evidence, in my father's estimation, that he was too fine a gentleman to be left a prey to the police. Accordingly a carriage was ordered; my father drove to his own house, where he furnished his new acquaintance with an apartment for the night.

The stranger, on the following morning, when he discovered how much he had been befriended by my father, gave himself a formal introduction and proved to be no other than the celebrated personage described in a late excellent and highly popular novel as Gentleman George.* In a month from this time, my father was created a baronet; and was spoken of in the Court Journal with the following high-sounding appellation —"Sir John Augustus Frederick Gaoler Ulric, Bart."—His name alone, I am told, inspired many of the noble occupation of a soap-boiler.

* See Paul Clifford.

Clinton Bradshaw.—A new American novel, entitled—"Clinton Bradshaw, or the adventures of a Lawyer," will be forthcoming from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, in the course of next week. By permission of the publishers, we copy a portion of one of the chapters, to give our readers a spice of its quality.

ADVENTURES OF AN EVENING.

Bradshaw and Willoughby exchanged smiles. They explained to Cavendish that they could not all get away, after a good deal of trouble with him, he agreed to remain. They made their apologies to the ladies, and departed.

They were soon at the watch-house. At the door, they met Jones, with four other watchmen, going on their mission to catch Adams. A few words were exchanged between them, when the watchmen entered the watch-house, to obtain fur Bradshaw and Willoughby the necessary disguises.

The watch-house was situated in the centre of the city. It was the house where the watchmen met to receive the orders of the captain of the watch, and to which the rioters and marauders of the night were brought and locked up, to await a hearing before the magistrate, who always attended early in the morning. The room the young men entered was low and long; a dingy lamp of tin hung suspended from the ceiling. Along the walls were benches, permanently fixed, on which lay, at length, or reclined, in an attitude that pleased them, those watchmen who were not on duty. Behind the desk, near a fire-place, was a large square-shouldered man, with a dread-naught coat on; his cheeks were adorned with an immense pair of whiskers, and through his busy eyebrows his reddish eye glowed like a cigar in a dark night, in the mouth of some sturdy smoker. This was the captain of the watch.

"Lawyer," said he to Bradshaw, "so you're going a larking to-night. I heard of your business with Adams last night; I wonder, being as you're a small man, that you came off so well. The fellow's a noted gallows bird, and fights like vengeance. He has sworn he won't be taken alive; you'll have tough times to-night."

"There is no harm in taking him dead, is there?" said Bradshaw.

"Not exactly," said the captain, hesitatingly: "but it would be best to take him alive."

Bradshaw did not mean all that might have been meant by this phrase; but he knew among whom he stood. He remarked,

"I have no enmity against the fellow; but he's a great rascal, and he ought to be taken. Jones here has a large family, and is a good watchman, and I want him to get the reward." So saying, the young men, who had put on dread-naught coats and old hats, and the watchmen, departed together. They reconnoitred in the neighbourhood of the alley for some time before they entered it. Several squads of young men, frequenters of the neighbourhood, passed them; but they were much more peaceable than usual; the late transactions having quelled their turbulence. It must have been after one, when they entered the lane. Loose clouds had been floating in the heavens since dark; after midnight, they gathered in huge masses, and the wind began to blow roughly.

"What think you of the business, Squire?" said Jones in a whisper to Bradshaw, as they approached the house where Bradshaw had contended with Adams —"had we best enter the house?"

"Kentuck," whispered Bradshaw, as they advanced towards the grocery, "*what do you think of this business?*"

"First rate," was the reply, "I'm for going the whole hog. Suppose, we turn their takers, and rival Vidocq of old Haya?"

"We will, if we succeed, but remember this is our first attempt. Have you pistols?"

"Yes, two of them, and a dirk."

"So have I. Let's have the word Kentuck for our watch-word, and if I hear you call it, or you me, we must come to the rescue. I've no idea of having my profile spoilt, or of being carried out feet foremost; and, therefore, if any of these fellows flash their knives dangerously it will be worse for them."

The grocery store was a high frame building; on one side of it was a vacant lot, and on the other a frame house not quite so high, and divided from it by an alley of about seven feet in width. Bradshaw and Kentuck entered, and passing up by a counter, they took their station near a stove. Seated by the stove, were two young men, who looked at the new comers, and stretched out their persons so as to take up as much room as possible. The one by Willoughby, put his feet on the only chair that was between them. As soon as Kentuck observed it, he said, "My good fellow, if you'll let your carcass occupy but one chair, I'll take a seat"—and without waiting for the permission of the owner with the coldest expression in the world, which the fellow observing, and mistaking for "no fight," said, "Do you want a fuss here, my young lark?"

"Why, I don't much care," said Kentuck, in a drawling tone. "If there's a fuss, I shall be into it to a certainty; and if there ain't a fuss, I shall at still. I tell you what it is, stranger, I'm all the way from old Kentuck; you've heard of such a place, may be? It's a place for varmints, wild varmints, I tell you. The word there, is go a-head. You've heam tell of people licking their weight in wild cats, hain't you? I've seen it done. May be I could do it—should like to try? You've heam tell of rowing a man up salt river, hain't ye? Well, I've seem it done; there's no joke in it. Did you ever see a man lose the head of a nail off? Bring me one."

While Willoughby spoke this, he stretched his legs out, and looked the man in the face with the most imperturbable indifference.

"You're a picture," said the fellow, struck with his don't care manner.

"Now, ain't I?" said Kentuck. "I'm not one of your pictures to hang around a girl's neck, though; I am a full length painting. One of your pictures that may dangle in a strange kind of frame, some of these days—two posts upright, and one across, with a rope and the picture at the end of it, *as well done, that the whole people are admiring the execution.* Do you take, stranger?" The fellow nodded, and grinned. "Well, it's no matter—while we live, be merry. What'll you take to drink?"

"If you're for drink," said the fellow, "I'll take a little whiskey."

"Ay, of the mountain dew," said Cavendish. "What's this landlord's name?"

"Scratch, they call him."

"Here, Scratch," called out Willoughby, to an old man by the door, who was keeping a sharp eye upon his moveables—"let's have some of your very best; no deception, old boy, or you'll get scalped, just as a wild Indian scalps a fellow. They learnt the trick to the Kentucks, and we can do it like lightning. I'll bet you a treat for the company, that I'll take this Kentuck," (and he thrust his hand into his pocket, and produced a curiously wrought, large knife,) "I'll take this Kentuck, and with one sweep, just one, round your head, I'll leave you, old Scratch, in the condition for a namesake, with no more hair upon your crown, than there is on the back of my hand. Whas say you?"

"Sir, the liquor's good," said Scratch, "and I want no such experiments."

"Old boy, you'd scarcely feel it. It's a mere circumstance, you'd look just as well with a scratch; and who knows but that you might get a pension by the scalping? But, no matter, if ever you want it done, you must call on me. Stranger," continued Willoughby, turning to the fellow beside him. "I've been a river character, a wild woods river character; I've seen sawyers, and swamps, and snags, and alligators, and every thing. Why, the sprees you have here, in your lanes and alleys, are nothing to Natchez under the Hill, or the swamps at New Orleans. They'll dirk a fellow there just to keep their hands in. I've seen knives there flash around like sunbeams, and I just met among 'em as I set now and looked on."

"What brings you all the way here?" asked the fellow who had just taken his liquor, and who felt warmed towards Willoughby.

"Why, when I was last at New Orleans, I took the sea, round from there, and landed at New York, looked round there a spell, cut up in other places, and at last came here. I happened to get the word, while I was in this here city, that an old comrade of mine had got into hardships somewhere down this way, and I thought I'd just take a look after him."

"What's his name?"

"Adams," replied Willoughby. "Do you know such a man, stranger?"

"What, besides Adams, is his name?"

"Henry Adams," said Bradshaw, who observed that Kentuck was at fault. "He's been a high boy in his generation. The word reached us to day that he'd got into a bad fix. It wasn't to day, exactly, it reached us, but last night. You see, we took a spree, and got lodged in the watch-house. While they were talking with us, the watchmen came in, and told about some fellow having a fight here last night with Adams, and how Adams got hurt—knocked down two or three times about a girl, at a place they called old Moll's. He described the place pretty exact, and I know it must be in this lane."

"What kind of a looking man is this Adams, that you speak off?" inquired Scratch.

"He's a thick-set, bull-necked fellow," said Bradshaw, "with black hair and eyes. He was lately in jail. I went there to see him; but they wouldn't let me in."

Old Scratch hesitated a moment, seemed perplexed, and remarked, unawares—

"He *says* he has known men like you, but none that they call Kentuck."

"My old boy," said Kentuck, "can't a man change his name, and have what these lawyers call an *alias*. You don't think a free rover sails always under the same flag, do you?"

"No," said the old fellow, with a grin, "I guess not. But what do you want to see him for?"

"To see him for?" exclaimed Willoughby. "The devil! Why, don't you know that the watchmen and constables are after him, hunting high and low?"

"Yes," said Bradshaw, who was satisfied that Adams was in the house; "they'll be down upon you presently, and raise the devil. We want to get him off somewhere if we can. We heard the watchmen say, the other night, they would turn over every stone in the city for him."

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Scratch,—"can't a man do for a friend, without always getting into trouble!"

"Scratch," said Bradshaw, "they'll blow you sky high if they find him; and they'd take him, besides. He's a fellow that'll tell on any body to get himself off. By thunder, I don't want him to tell on me. I will be hard work to move him," said old Scratch. "He's very bad; he's got his foot twisted all out of places; his head and shoulder is terribly bruised. Come on! let's see if we can't do something for him. Mind, I depend on you as his true friends. You're on no account to reveal the place where you find him."

So speaking, Scratch led the way to the back part of his house, and then, by a rickety pair of steps, to the second story. His house was uninhabited, save by himself, and those outlaws whom he harboured. All his goods that were of any value, were in the front part of his shop; they consisted, principally, of liquors which, together with a few dry goods, and a barrel or two of fish, and some cordage, comprised his stock in trade. The second story had two or three rooms in it, which, as the doors were open, the young men could observe were filled with all kinds of rubbish, of the most inflammable materials.

"You are," said Scratch, chuckling, "they may hunt the hare, but they can't find him. If them dogs of constables press too heavy on me, do you see?—I can just let a candle fall in you old tar barrel, and if they don't scamper like old rats, what's that to me?"

Bradshaw and Cavendish felt in a quandary, as to how they should act, on seeing Adams; but, as they could not communicate with each other, by a tacit understanding, they determined to follow to his hiding-place, and trust to circumstances. The watchmen would, doubtless, keep their station until they heard the signal, or the young men left the grocery. If Adams was much disabled, they could easily take him; but the main point was to prevent the interference of old Scratch and his company, before they could communicate with the watchmen; however, on went the landlord, and they followed after. He led the way to the corner of the building, next to the vacant lot, beside the tar barrel to which he had pointed, and to shingles board, that seemed to be nailed against the wall to repair a dilapidation, a narrow door opened, which led by a ladder to a kind of third story or cock-loft. On entering the apartment, it appeared long and narrow, with the ceiling unplastered and slanting, which was, in fact, formed by the roof of the house. There was no flooring on the rafters, only, here and there, a board laid across in different directions. Treading a board that appeared to lead to the sky-light, the landlord opened a door close to the eves, which they had to stoop to enter, and Bradshaw and Willoughby found themselves in a miserable room, if room it might be called, on the floor of which, on a mattress, lay Adams. The ruffian's encounter with Bradshaw had been no child's play; he looked squalid and feverish. He was so altered from sickness, and his wounds, Bradshaw scarcely knew him. The Kentuckian eyed his broad chest, bony arms, and bull neck, and wondered how Bradshaw could have consented, successfully, with such superior strength. The landlord, with the candle which he held in his hand, lit one which stood by the bed-side of Adams, and then stepped behind the young men. Willoughby had to stoop very much, in consequence of his height, and the lowness of the room. Forgetting, for a moment, this necessity, as he stepped forward, he struck his head against the roof with such force, as to throw him of his balance. In the im, ulsive effort to recover himself, he threw out his hand, and struck from the head of Bradshaw the watchmen's hat and blue whisker. Snatching a pistol from his bed-side, and aiming it at the head of Bradshaw, Adams exclaimed, in the same instant that he fired—"We're betrayed!" The ball grazed the left temple of Bradshaw, and ploughed its way right over the top of the landlord's head. The bone of his scull was thick enough to resist its entrance—but it nearly did for him what the Kentuckian offered to do with his knife. Uttering a yell of pain, old Scratch descended the ladder with all possible speed, and fastened the door after him. Bradshaw threw himself upon Adams just as he was cocking another pistol, and he had scarcely time to force his hand in a harmless direction, when he pulled the trigger, but it only snapped. Willoughby sprang upon the body of the ruffian, as he attempted to fire, and said—"I'm the strongest—let me hold him. Run, Bradshaw, and bring the watch."

Quick as thought, Bradshaw hastened down the ladder. He found the door fast; but, placing his body against the wall, and his feet against the door, with main force, after a powerful effort, he burst it open, and tumbled into the room. Within ten feet of him, near the tar barrel, stood old Scratch, with the light in his hand. Bradshaw rushed past him, and descended the steps, into the grocery. There were several persons around the stove, who evidently had been startled by the report of the pistol. Bradshaw looked round to see if there was any back way, through which he could pass out; for he reflected, without his false whiskers and hat, he might be known to some of them, as the one who had hurt Adams. He saw no way of passing out, but by the front door. As he rapidly advanced to do so, the fellow who had been conversing at the stove with Kentuck, asked—"Where's the other fellow? Who fired the pistol? Where's your whiskers and hat, my lark?"

"Keep dark," said Bradshaw: "my left shoulder is dislocated, and I'm in a confounded hurry."

"The devil! What will Adams do? Don't you smell something burning?"

At this moment, old Scratch called out from above —"Knock him down—kill him! He's a spy."

The fellows immediately placed themselves in a threatening attitude; one brandished a formidable club, and others drew their knives. They stood directly between Bradshaw and the door, calling out—

"Traitor, spy—we know you. Say your prayers!"

"Make way, my brave boys," said Bradshaw, nothing intimidated, drawing and cocking a pistol, as he spoke. "Make a clear passage. Put up your knives and clubs. The first man who attempts to use one, I'll shoot dead."

"Don't fear him," exclaimed the fellow who had previously spoken: "his pistol's not loaded. Didn't you hear it go off, up stairs?"

"Why don't old Scratch come down," said another fellow, intimidated by Bradshaw's manner, "and help us, if he wants him caught?"

"See, boys!" said Bradshaw, producing another pistol, and holding one in each hand,—"two pistols have not been fired: one must be loaded. Your blood be upon your own head! The first one that attempts to stop me is a gone case."

So speaking, he passed deliberately by them, while old Scratch came running down stairs, crying out, "Stop him!" They followed, but at a respectful distance, after Bradshaw, determined to dog him. He crossed over to the old building in which were the watch. He thought it best not to call them, as the fellows might then scamper off; and he wished them to be taken. They followed after him, giving, at intervals, a low whistle, which was answered from the upper part of the hine, where footsteps were heard advancing. All at once, the cry of "Fire! Fire!" from a hundred tongues, burst forth in that fearful tone, that tells it is near: at the same moment, a blaze of light revealed, to Bradshaw, the forms and faces of the watchmen, among whom he stood.

"We've found him," said Bradshaw. "He's at old Scratch's."

He turned and beheld the old villain's house on fire, with the flames blazing out of the second story windows. It immediately occurred to him, that Scratch had set it on fire; and the rapid progress of the flames was proof enough that his train, of which he spoke, was well set. Bradshaw looked anxiously round for Willoughby, but in vain. He told the watchmen, hastily, the circumstances; and requested them to take Scratch in custody, if they should see him. He then entered the burning house, in search of Willoughby.—He proceeded as far as the steps to the second story, but he found it impossible to ascend—the whole was in a blaze; and in places the fire dropped down into the grocery, through the floor, which, in several places, was burned through. He called in a loud voice, stood listening, and called again and again, but there came no answer. By this time, a great crowd had gathered; the bells were ringing; the cry of fire sounded through the city; and the noise of the engine bells and wheels was heard in the lane, as the hose-men ran to and fro, unreeling the hose. When Bradshaw re-entered the street, two engines were in full play on the fire. On the opposite side, he saw old Scratch looking very composedly on the house. Springing forward, and seizing him by the throat, Bradshaw exclaimed, "Where's my friend? Tell me, or I'll choke you! Where's Kentuck?"

"In the house," said the old fellow, doggedly.

As Bradshaw was in the act of pressing him to the pavement, he glanced towards the house, saw the trap-door open, and, in a moment after, Willoughby stood on the roof. It seemed to swing and tremble beneath his weight. Stooping down, Willoughby helped Adams through the door, and, half dragging him, for he could not help himself, they reached the chimney that stood near the adjoining house, divided, as we have before described, from it by an alley of about seven feet in width. Luckily for them, the wind blew in the opposite direction, so as to bear the flames towards the vacant lot. The whole of the house on that side was burning; and go at bodies of flame broke upward through the very roof at that corner. The engines directed the whole body of the water there, but it seemed inevitable that the two must perish. "Where's the fire escape-ladder?" was called out on every side,—"Not come yet, not come yet," was the answer. The crisis was so fearful that the immense crowd looked on in breathless suspense. The engine men worked away at their engines without their accustomed song, in dead silence, with their eyes upturned to Willoughby and Adams. The Kentuckian stood erect with his arm resting on the top of the chimney; his hat and watchman's cloak he had left in Adams' room; a splendid cable chain of gold was plainly perceptible, over the breast of his mole-skin vest. At his feet, cowering and clinging to the roof, with both his hands, was Adams. His face expressed the wildest horror; in heart-rending tones, he was calling on the crowd for God's sake to save him.

As soon as Bradshaw saw Willoughby, he called out to him, in a firm, clear voice, that every man in the crowd heard, "Willoughby! Kentuck! hold on; I'm bring you a rope from the next building." Willoughby waved his hand.

To throw off his coat and boots, catch up a coil of cordage, and enter the adjacent house, were, with Bradshaw, but the work of an instant. Several of the crowd said it was no use, as he passed them; and one or two, from the best of motives, endeavoured to restrain him, but he rushed on, and, in a moment more, he stood on the roof of the next house to the grocery. He cast the coil of rope round his neck; with one spring, he landed Willoughby; but he would have fallen, had not the Kentuckian caught his hand, for he had to jump on the slanting part of the roof in consequence of the chimney. The roof cracked and smoked; a cry of horror burst from the crowd.

"Here, Kentuck, put the rope round you, and let me let you down," said Bradshaw.

"No, let's get it round this poor devil first," said Willoughby, "and let him down. I would have dared the risk of jumping on the next roof, but I could not leave this man to die, while there was hope."

While they spoke, amidst the breathless silence of the crowd, they tied the rope round Adams, and lowered him down in safety. Willoughby wrapped the rope round the chimney, made it fast, and said—

"Now, Bradshaw, do you descend."

"Not until you are first down, said Bradshaw.

Willoughby folded his arms, and looked at Bradshaw.

"No, Kentuck," said Bradshaw, "I got you into this difficulty. You're making the peril greater for both of us by waiting. Go a-head!"

"Come on!" called out the crowd, "come on! the roof is falling!"

The Kentuckian still paused; Bradshaw sprang upon the next building, as the only means of making him take the rope. As Bradshaw leaped, Willoughby seized the rope; scarcely had it felt his weight, when the roof fell in with a tremendous crash. The crowd thought for a moment that both were lost. But, when the roof fell, the chimney stood; and Willoughby clung to the rope, and held himself suspended, for an instant, by an admirable presence of mind, in air, till the smoke somewhat subsided; and, while the flames were yet smothered under the roof, he let himself down in safety. By almost a miracle, Bradshaw, when he jumped on to the next house, maintained his footing. This he could not have done, had he not been in stocking feet. If the Kentuckian had tried it, he must have fallen, booted as he was.

"Is he safe?" called out Bradshaw. "Is Kentuck safe?"

"Safe as an old 'coon!" exclaimed Willoughby; "how are you, Bradshaw?"

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Quick Work.—All the prisoners, one hundred and seventy in number, with the exception of two or three sick ones, were removed on Monday morning from the Walnut street jail to the new county prison below the city, in Moyamensing, before 8 o'clock. The work commenced at 2 o'clock, and was performed by Omnibuses, under the supervision of the Inspectors and the Police.

We understand that Dr. C. H. Roberts, of the Northern Liberties, has been appointed Physician for the Association for the relief of Bush'ed Firemen, for the northern section, in place of Dr. W. Kennedy, deceased.

A coloured woman named Candoy Still, aged twenty years, committed suicide on Monday last, by taking laudanum. She resided in Shippen, near Thirteenth street.—She said before her death that she was tired of living.

We learn that Jacob Marshall, a lad between three and four years of age, son of Moses D. Marshall, fell into the Schuylkill on Tuesday last, and was drowned. As he fell, his frock caught the air, and his body—his face partially under water however—was in view for several minutes. Every effort was made to resuscitate him, but without success.

It is said a new daily penny paper, particularly for the ladies, is to be started in New York. It is to make its appearance each day, just before tea time.

Snow fell in various parts of Canada on the 10th ult. to the depth of six, and in some places to twelve inches.

Dr. Townsend, one of the editors of the N. York Evening Star, assaulted and battered Mr. Bennet, editor of the Morning Herald, for 'words spoken in debate.' The affray took place in Wall street.

Sampson, Steel and Spafford, charged with killing Mr. Wright in a house in Decatur street, last summer, were on Saturday last convicted of manslaughter in the Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Extract of a letter dated Cadiz, Sept. 4, 1835: "The people are in arms and declaring for the constitution and "liberty Americano," as they term it. The convents have been sacked and the friars obliged to fly, and some of them have been killed. The troops are much engaged. It is rumored that Don Carlos is on his gaming tack. Fruits are scarce and high."

Common Cranberry juice externally applied is stated by the Medical Journal to be a specific for ring worms.

Accident.—On the 16th inst. as the agent of a train of cars, on the Boston and Providence rail road, was imprudently standing on the outside guard of one of the cars, leaning over too far, came in contact with the railing of a bridge, over which the road passes, with such violence as to cause his instant death.

Intemperance and its Fruits.—We learn, says the Raleigh Register of the 13th inst. that a murder was committed in the upper end of this county, in the neighborhood of Rogers' store, on Friday night last. It seems two brothers, James and Alexander Bashford, got to drinking and quarrelling, and ultimately proceeded to blows, when James stabbed Alexander with a knife, from which wound he died in a very short time.

Mr. Clay and Col. Wooley, were each fined $10 for fighting in Court. We hope the magnitude of the fine will prevent further offending.

A man praising ale, said it was an excellent drink, that though taken in great quantities, it always made him *fat*. "I have seen it make you *lean*," replied another.

Duel in the Mediterranean.—The New York Gazette says:—To prevent misconstruction or unnecessary apprehension by relations and friends, we are indueed to mention that the principals in the late fatal duel, fought at Gergent, were Lieut. Stuart, and Acting Lieut. Turner, of the U. States ship Delaware. Stuart was severely wounded, and died in twenty-four hours.

A steam flour-mill has been put in motion at Auburn, N. Y. in a situation where there is plenty of water power. This is considered a novelty, but the proprietor says the thing works to admiration. There are four boilers and two run of stones, which turn off fifty barrels of flour daily, and can be increased to one hundred when necessary.

The weekly bill of mortality in New Orleans, continues to exhibit an increase of deaths. During the week ending the 27th ult., there were 136 interments.

It is reported that Bartow, late Cashier of the Commercial Bank of Albany, sailed from Wilmington, (Del.) for Havana. The Journal of Commerce thinks there is no doubt of his ultimate capture, but expresses the opinion that there is little chance for the recovery of the money, most of it being probably out of his control. Bartow may be added to the list of victims to gambling in stocks.

Debt and Debtors.—The ancient Egyptians, by their laws, obliged a man to pledge his father's body for the redemption of borrowed money; and if the debtor did not pay, the rights of sepulture were denied to the debtor. In our days, we bury the debtor alive. Dodonus justly blames the Grecian legislators for saving harmless a man's working utensils, and immuring his body.—*Washington Mirror.*

Drowned in a water pail.—Ann Sargent, a miserable drunken woman was found drowned in Boston, on the 15th inst. in a water pail containing only three pints of water. She was found by her daughter with her head leaning over the pail, quite dead. If the poor woman had possessed soberness enough to have thought of the expedient, she might very well have drank up the very water in which she was drowned.

The comet was observed in England on the 5th of August, twenty-five days before it was first seen from any part of the United States. It became visible four days later than had been previously calculated by astronomers.

A farmer of Beame, finding his corn, which was placed on an unboarded floor, destroyed by mice, sunk into the earth around the heap, a number of pots half full of water. When the mice came to drink they tumbled in. It is asserted on the authority of the Athenæum, that he thus caught in a short time no less than 14,500.

Phenomena of Sounds.—Captain Parry, the nautical adventurer towards the north pole, says that a conversation might be distinctly carried on, at port Bowen, at the distance of 6,690 feet. Rev. Dr. Clarke says, that when sailing from the Gulf of Glaucus to Alexandria, (Egypt,) the firing of the English, in attacking a fortress on the Nile, was heard, by all on board the vessel in which he was, at the distance of one one hundred and thirty miles.

Transmission of Sound.—It was mentioned in a late publication as something extraordinary, that the tap of the finger, at one end of a log of wood, should be heard at the other end. This has long been known. The following account is more remarkable. There is a well in the Isle of Wight, (England) two hundred feet deep, and of twelve feet diameter, lined with smooth masonry. When a pin is dropped into it, the sound of its striking the water is distinctly heard.

A canine fracas took place in Salem, Massachusetts, on Wednesday, between Lieutenant Wilkinson of the Navy, and Lieut. Miller, son of the Collector of the port of Salem. Wilkinson was the aggressor, and had previously challenged Miller to fight a duel. Both were arrested, and the former held to bail in the sum of 1000 dollars, for the appearance at the Police Court; but not being able to procure it, he was committed to prison. Miller was at once discharged.

The Governor of Maine, has appointed Thursday the 26th of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

Snow in Vermont.—Snow is said to have fallen to a great depth in Franklin county, Vt., on the 20th ult. How many feet deep is not mentioned, but the St. Albans Journal says its weight was so great that it broke down and encumbered the forest and orchard trees in all directions.

On the 21st of August, a considerable portion of the peak of the Dent du Midi, one of the great spurs of Mont Blanc, fell with a tremendous crash into the valley near St. Maurice. No less than 400 houses were washed away. The peak carried with it a glacier, dammed up the stream in the valley, which thus gathering force burst asunder and carried the mass of rocks, earth and ice into the Rhone—blocking up that river and stopping its course. The road of the Simplon is thus temporarily interrupted.

The Hon. Hugh L. White has been unanimously re-elected to the Senate of the United States, by the Legislature of Tennessee. This is a high compliment to Judge White.

Benue Wood, Esq. of Plymouth county has raised a Squash this year weighing sixty-three pounds; and the Editor of the New Bedford Mercury acknowledges the receipt of an apple, measuring "upwards of *twelve inches in diameter*?" and, of course, something like three feet in circumstance. A pumpkin we suppose.

United States and France.—We learn, in confirmation of the late rumors, that official intelligence has been received at Washington that the French government will not pay the amount of the indemnity until further explanation from the president, which of course will never take place.

The Washington Telegraph affirms that if the Tariff had remained as it was, the revenue of the present year would have been sixty millions of dollars; and instead of fifteen millions, there would have been seventy millions of surplus revenue at this day in the pet banks. Doubtful!

Laudable Example.—The managers of the Front street Theatre, Baltimore, gave up their house on Friday evening last for the Benefit of the seamstresses of that city. Booth played and the house was crammed.

The Convention of the Territory of Michigan, assembled in June last for the purpose of forming a constitution preparatory to its application for admission into the Union, have published an Appeal to the people of the United States, in relation to the Boundary Question between Michigan and Ohio. Appended to the appeal are all the important documents connected with this important question, the whole making a pamphlet of one hundred and seventy pages.

Balloon.—A balloon descended and became entangled in the top of a tree, at the door of Mr. Isaac Pyle, of Londongrove township, on the 12th inst. Whether it is from New York, Cincinnati, or Charleston, or from the more remote regions of Africa, South America or Europe, we know not, as it bore no despatches from either. It was ornamented in good style, of a large size, and contained all the apparatus for navigating the air. Possibly it may have been upon a voyage to the moon—and having landed one cargo of emigrants, returned for another—a thing by no means improbable since the inimitable discoveries of Dr. Hershell.—*Village Record.*

On Saturday last, 305 shares of the United States Bank Stock, were sold in New York at 109 3-4 a 110.

The editor of the Philadelphia Herald says that man is the only animal subject to the tooth ache—how does he know?

The Commercial Bank of Albany offers a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of its late cashier, Barlow, with his plunder, or two thousand dollars for himself alone.

According to an article in the Charleston, S. C. Mercury, the whole number of white inhabitants in the twelve slave-holding States, is 3,660,567—and the number of slaves 2,005,175.

Spots on the Sun.—No less than four clusters of spots are now visible on the surface of the Sun, one of which is very large and extremely beautiful. They of course will soon disappear.

Importance of Newspapers.—"Were it left for me to decide, whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate to prefer the latter.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Two hundred thousand turkeys have been raised in Rhode Island this season. Good news this for *gourmands!*

The old "Oil Mill," in Northampton is to be converted into a Silk Mill—Mr. Whitmarsh having raised a company with a capital of $100,000, for the purpose of manufacturing Silk. The Republican says, the company will give employment to all the children in Hampshire County, not in factories but in the open fields, cultivating mulberry hedges and feeding silk worms.

The Common Council of the city of New York have under consideration resolutions in favour of widening the Erie Canal to eighty feet and eight feet in depth, for the purpose of accommodating vessels of one hundred and twenty tons burthen;—and further recommending the making of a rail road from New York to Albany.

Our old friend, Mrs. Anne Royall, of the "Paul Pry," has met with a bereavement. It is nothing less than the abduction or elopement of her charming Secretary Sally. Whether Sally had taken offence at the recent marriage of her mistress with Pog Emmons, and to revenge herself therefore, and abscounded with a "blue skin," or whether some spruce young spark has so ingratiated himself into her affections, as to induce her to elope with him, does not appear. Certain it is, that Mrs. Royall magnanimously declares her intention to sift the matter to the bottom, and if it appears that there has been any foul play shown to Sally, "woe," says she, "to the man upon whom the proof may fall."

We are exceedingly pained to state, that Mr. James S. Rowe, the partner of Mr. R. Russell, in the management of the New Orleans, Nashville, Louisville, and Cincinnati Theatres, got a period to his existence, in Nashville, a few days since, by shooting himself with a pistol. The rash act was committed on Friday evening, the 2d inst. The ball penetrated his breast, and he lingered until Saturday evening, when he died.—*Cincinnati Whig.*

*March of the

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicknell, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 23, 1835.

ASHES		Sugar-house	47 49
Pot	5 06 5 93	do. N. York	49 50
Pearl	7 00 7 25	do. Philada	44 48
BUTTER		do. Steam	48 50
Tub lb		Trinidad	
Extra leg. No. 1	12½ 13	Porto Rico	33 35
No. 1	12 12½	Eng. French la	28 31
No. 2	10 11	Hav & Manzanz	
COAL		MACKEREL	
Lehigh ton	6 75 9 00	No. 1...Bbl	8 37½
Schuylkill do	4 75 5 25	No. 2	7 47½
COFFEE...duty free		No. 3	5 00
Java	13 13½	OIL	
St. Domingo	11 11½	Linseed, Am. from	
Porto Rico	12 13	store	87 1 00
Cuba	11½ 12½	do Dutch	
Laguira	12 13	Whale...gal	43 45
Rio	11½ 12½	Sperm, winter	1 05 1 10
COTTON...duty 3 cts per lb		do summer	97 1 00
Louisiana	17 20	PLASTER PARIS	
Mobile	16 18	In Delaware ton	2 75 3 00
N Ala and Tenn	17 19	In Schuylkill	2 75 3 00
S C and Geo	17 20	SEEDS	
N C and Va	17 20	Clover...bush	4 00 5 00
FREIGHTS		Flaxseed rough	1 50 1 65
To Pittsburgh, per canal		do. clean cask	
Flour bbl	1 12½ 1 00	Timothy, bbd	1 75 2 00
FLOUR and MEAL		Herds...bush	
Superfine...bbl	6 00 6 12	Orchard grass	2 00
Fine	5 37½	WHISKEY	
Rye	4 12½ 4 25	Rye in bbls	
Middling	4 25	do in hhds	30
Corn meal	3 87½ 4 00	do from waggons	32½ 33
do in hhds	4 75 12 00	WOOL	
GRAIN		Prime Saxony fleece	
Rye ℔	83	lb	70 75
Rye Southern	71 82	Am. wash full bld	62½ 67½
Wheat ℔	1 28 1 30	do ¾ blood	57½ 60
do South bush	1 27 1 30	do ½ blood	50 52½
Corn L. C. white	93	do ¼ and com	42½ 47½
do L. C. yellow	85 86	Am unwash full bld	37 39
do C. C mixed	80 1 00	do ¾ blood	34 37
Oats ℔	18 22	do ½ blood	27 29
Southern	20 22	do ¼ and com	20 22
Barley Eastern		Sup'r pulld lambs	52 56
do Pa	70 73	No 1 do	42 47
BOPS		No 2 do	35 37½
1st sort 1835	16 17 00	No 3 do	25 30
MOLASSES		Spa sheep R & S	
New Orleans		do lambs	

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, October 24, 1835.

☞ Jeremiah Nichols, Esq. has been appointed Agent for *Atkinson's Periodicals*, at Wilmington, North Carolina, in place of C. Dudley, P. M.

The City Councils, on Tuesday last, re-elected John Swift, Esq. Mayor of the city. The vote stood for John Swift 19 votes, for Joseph Watson 11.

It is said that Gen. Duff Green, editor of the Washington Telegraph, is about to dispose of that establishment, and remove to Jersey city, where he will commence the book business, on a very large scale.

We are indebted to Mr. Alexander Parker, proprietor of the Moyamensing botanic garden, in Prime street by Tenth, for a magnificent bouquet of Dahlias, proving that those splendid flowers are still in full bloom and perfection, of which Mr. P. has a beautiful selection of 300 varieties. Some days of the present fine weather, might profitably be enjoyed by citizens in a visit to his ark of beauties.

The American Museum, at the corner of Chesnut and Fifth streets, now affords an excellent recreation for our lengthening evenings. The Automata, which have excited so much wonder, are to leave during the next week; with them "the Last Day of Nodom" will be withdrawn. As the exhibition has been liberally patronised by *competent judges*, we do not intend doing more than merely reminding our readers, that the present is "positively the last week."

The Menagerie at the corner of Broad and Filbert street, is well worthy of a visit. The collection embrace a great number and variety of the wonderful works of creation, and the present opportunity to study natural history should not be neglected, as another may not speedily offer. The exhibition will close this evening.

Count Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) and suite landed on Sunday, in this city, from the packet ship Mississippi. He was welcomed cordially by his many personal friends, and appeared to be in excellent health. The Count intends to pass the rest of his life in this country.

Mr. Dickerson, the coroner, is about to remove to the vicinity of Filbert and Ninth street, his present location in Poplar Lane not being sufficiently central. The arduous duties of the office of coroner are performed with angular faithfulness by Mr. Dickerson, and it is gratifying to find that the community at large duly appreciate his efficiency.

A census of the population of this state will be taken in the course of the ensuing month, by the marshals and township assessors, in the several cities and counties. The enumeration is required, by the constitution of Pennsylvania, to be made every seven years, in order that the rates of representation in the legislature may be regulated. The last state census was taken in 1828. The same law directs that the number of deaf and dumb persons in the state, shall be ascertained at the same time.

The project of a line of steam packets between this port and Charleston, appears to meet with much favor, as nearly the whole amount necessary to build one steam boat has already been subscribed. It is understood that when the full amount is obtained, three capitalists of the city will supply funds for the construction of a second boat, so that the line will go into operation under very favorable auspices. The New York line to Charleston, we understand, has proved remarkably successful, and a trip from one city to the other now occupies but three days. Should the Philadelphia line be under way next season, we have no doubt but that many of our citizens who have heretofore gone north, on pleasure excursions, will turn their steps to the south, and spend their leisure time and money under the shade of the palmetto in the Carolinas, or at the Sulphur Springs of Virginia.

The side-walks in our principal business streets, are in some places so much obstructed by balks and boxes, that a passage along them can only be effected by going in single file, and, of course, when two friends arrive at such a place, one of them must drop behind.

On Wednesday last, two gentlemen, Mr. A. and Mr. B. in earnest conversation, were passing along Market st. followed by two other gentlemen, Mr. C. and Mr. D. with whom they were not acquainted. On reaching a pile of bales and boxes near Fifth street, the side-walk became narrowed to the capacity of a single individual, and while Mr. A. was saying to his friend—"You then positively know the man to be—," Mr. B. dropped behind. Mr. C. also let fall the arm of his friend to pass the obstruction, and he too, at the same moment, was in conversation with Mr. D. but, as it afterwards appeared, concerning a different matter dual. On resuming places the answer to the question was—"Yes, I know him to be a liar and a scoundrel."

"Zounds and death, sir," said Mr. A, "what do you mean?"

But if Mr. A. was astonished at the unexpected character of the reply, still greater was his astonishment to find, on looking in the face of the gentleman who held his arm, that his companion was an entire stranger! In the confusion incident to the passage through the obstruction on the pavement, Mr. A. and Mr. C. had exchanged partners and become companions.

The truth is, as we honestly believe, there is no real necessity for one half the parade and show, that many of our merchants make before their premises, and it would be much more becoming if they would keep their assortment of goods inside of their stores, rather than permit the side walks to be lumbered up with boxes and packages, to the great inconvenience of all foot passengers. On some occasions, in busy times, as we are well aware, merchants who transact a large amount of business, are compelled to encroach on the pavement, until they can have their goods forwarded; and of these, we apprehend, there is no one disposed to complain, provided the merchant takes up no more space than is indispensably necessary. But there is, undoubtedly, good cause of complaint against those who, for the purpose of ostentatious parade, daily pile up empty boxes, in front of their stores, with no other view than that of inducing a belief of their importance in the mercantile world, and with no other effect than that of impeding the progress of street passengers.

LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

It may not, perhaps, be news to our city readers to inform them, that there is a regular line of packets from this port to Liverpool, carrying both passengers and freight, but we shall probably astonish a considerable number when we say, that this line is fully equal, if not superior to, any other in the union, both as respects handsome ships, and comfortable accommodations for passengers. The truth is that the Philadelphia line to Liverpool has long labored under a disadvantage, on account of the boasting propensities of our rivals in New York, and many persons have been induced to believe that the only safe and convenient way to reach Europe, is by the way of the city of Gotham. That this is a great mistake, we shall presently attempt to show, but it may be proper that we should first refer to the origin of this very unjust prejudice against our own line.

New York, it is alleged, is a few miles nearer to Liverpool than Philadelphia, and in leaving the former city, you at once pass into the ocean, without being subject to the detention to which large ships are sometimes liable, in case of a calm in the Delaware river and bay. In admitting this, we admit the only objection that can possibly be started against our line of packet ships to Liverpool, and even this we are not disposed to do, without some qualification. The practice with our packets, for some years past, is, to drop down to New Castle, where the river is broad, and egress to the ocean very easy, and there await the arrival of the passengers in the steamboat. By this arrangement, when the ship actually hoists sail, she is already very near the ocean, and no instance of detention in the bay, of any serious consequence, has ever occurred to our knowledge. This fact accounts for the allegation, that the New York packets invariably make the trip to Liverpool, in a shorter period than those from Philadelphia, for the Philadelphia packets are set down as "cleared" when they leave the wharf at Walnut street, which is, in general, at least from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before the passengers are on board. Counting the time from New Castle to Liverpool, and making an average for several trips, we assert, without hesitation, that our ships, built in Philadelphia, and commanded by our own captains, will perform the trip in as short a time, as any other ships that can be found, either in New York, or any where else. We should like somebody to contradict this assertion, merely for the pleasure it will afford us to bring the proofs.

The ships belonging to the Philadelphia line are, the Algonquin, Capt. Cheyney, the Pocahontas, Capt. West, the Monongahela, Capt. Brown, and the Susquehanna, Capt. Cropper. The last named is the newest vessel, and a more tidy, substantial and elegantly furnished ship does not sail out of any American port. The Algonquin is the oldest ship of this line, and her value as a sea vessel, was fully ascertained about three years ago, when she rode, in safety, a storm on the English coast, that destroyed not less than twenty craft, belonging to different nations. The Algonquin sailed from this port for Liverpool, on Tuesday last, under the command of Capt. Miercken, who takes the place of Capt. Cheyney, detained at home by indisposition. On the previous Saturday we paid her a visit, and were much gratified with the appearance of the ship, and with the arrangements made for the comfort and convenience of the passengers. The ladies' drawing-room and gentlemen's cabin, are very tastefully decorated, and the state rooms, which will accommodate twenty persons, very comfortably, are large and commodious. The gentlemen's parlour is used as the dining room, where the cabin passengers daily assemble to talk politics and discuss the good things, in the way of viands and eatables provided by the ever-attentive steward. In looking through the ship, we were astonished at the immense quantities of provision which were stored away for the voyage, comprising the luxuries, as well as the substantials of the Philadelphia market. In the matter of supplies, it is said that our Philadelphia ships are greatly superior to those of New York, as with the former there is never a scarcity; and we certainly saw enough provision on board the Algonquin to feed an army for the full length of her voyage. In short, with pleasant books and agreeable companions, no one who wishes to go to Europe, need hesitate on account of the supposed inconveniences of the trip, for if the passenger is not made as comfortable as he would be at home, in either of our Philadelphia ships, it will not be for the want of attention to his wishes upon the part of the captain.

The cost of a cabin passage outwards is $120; without wines or other liquors, $100. Steerage passengers pay $20. The Algonquin, for the present trip, has no passengers in the cabin, and about thirty in the steerage; among the latter is one, who, though the daughter of an humble mechanic, deserves to be the wife of a prince. We give to all, and the gallant captain in particular, who, on this occasion has more than his ship to take care of, our hearty good wishes for a safe and pleasant voyage.

Breach of Promise.—The cause of Harriet Potter vs. Hezekiah Gilbert, for a breach of marriage contract, in which the amount of damages claimed was $5000, was tried in the Superior Court at New Haven, a week or two since. The facts upon which the action was founded, were—as we learn by the N. York Herald, that the defendant commenced his addresses to the plaintiff early in the year 1832, and continued for a space of six months, at the expiration of which time he suddenly discontinued them and married another person. The circumstance upon which the plaintiff relied in support of an implied contract were the familiarity of his visits, and his kind reception by the plaintiff and the family as one of the same, to-ge her with his admissions in different conversations during the courtship; one of which occurred while walking in the street with the defendant, the plaintiff's sister, and her female cousin, Miss Smith, who asked the defendant when he was going to marry; he replied, soon. She asked if she might come to the wedding, and he said she might. At another time he asked the plaintiff's sister how she would like him as a brother-in-law—spoke of his intending to be her brother. To this the defendant entered the general issue, Non assumsit.—The jury returned a verdict of $250 damages and costs.

And Another.—In one of the Ohio courts, a few weeks since, a similar cause was tried, and in this case also, the unfortunate swain was compelled to atone for his misdeeds by the payment of a heavy sum of money. The sum and substance of the evidence adduced at this trial, was the following letter, from the gay Lotharic to his lady love. Read it all ye who are prone to flirtations, and be warned in season.

——— 14 A. D. 1834.

Miss ———— I take this op Fertunity to in form you why I did not call to see you when I left town I felt hurt About Leaving you for a while but I will return to you a gain If it should be ten thousand miles I got a blessing the day after I left you by my Brother and Sister in law and I that I would quit them But not you many unnessary blessing a bout where I went was not Agreeable to me and so I quit them resolved not To work no more for them an til three quit meddling with others his new I will return to reeyon in 2 or 3 months and if you do want To Write to me direct your letter to Zanevill Post office Muskingum County Ohio if you never will for sake me I Never will for sake the but will cleave on to yoo as long As we sall Live. Par don my insuficiency

Fair well my own dear true'ove
I am a going a way for a while
But I will re turn a gain
If it should be ten thousand miles
If it should be ten thousand miles my dear
In france or Scot land or Spain
My mind will never be at ras
until iret urn To see you a gain.
Hunt you hear yonders trkle dove
Amorning on yaders tree
It is anorning for its truelove
So do I morn to be with the

O'Connell has written a letter on political subjects to the Duke of Wellington, which for eloquence of style, keen and cutting irony, and severe remark, is probably without a parallel in political history. The writer thus speaks of some of the Duke's associates.

"Winchelsea, immortal in fanaticism and fatuity; Lyndhurst, buoyant in legal dexterity and political tergiversation; Newcastle, a mimicking, unintelligible arc gance; Kenyon, blubbering strange rhapsodies; and the aimeient Eldonborough (how long is he to have the aimeient?) talking law tuyism; and the magnicious Devon, more at a clerk still than a lord."

And again:

"I come back to the Irish part of your colleagues—those especially who have assailed me. They are few and foolish. And first, there is Londonderry—bless the mark! The ignorant Londonderry, described, by an uneducated Irishman in terms you would call vulgar, but which I believe to be pretty accurate, "As not having understanding enough to herd geese upon a common." I verily believe, for my part, he would not know how many he ought to bring home in the evening, although I answer for it he would bring home one goose more than could be eaten.—Then there is Lord Limerick, the only man upon whose estate it is a familiar thing to have human beings die of hunger. He has a large income. Did any body ever hear of his contributing to a charity? And yet the aged being is quite vivacious when any mischief is to be done to Ireland."

ELECTION FOR GOVERNOR.

Names of the Cities and Counties	October 1832. Ritner.	Wolf.	October 1835. Ritner.	Wolf.	Muhlenb.
Adams,	1679	1030	1515	406	911
Alleghany,	3506	3091	3892	2813	375
Armstrong,	958	1975	1099	1894	188
Beaver,	1481	1440	1507	996	338
Bedford,	1561	1620	2067	1581	46
Berks,	3435	3758	3822	1733	4191
Bradford,	920	168	1030	1103	209
Bucks,	2862	3202	3532	2525	*937
Butler,	1032	1201	1303	177	231
Cambria,	340	398	670	568	37
Centre,	1016	1920	1066	1702	416
Chester,	4201	2371	4120	1701	1567
Clearfield,	288	513	....	....	....
Columbia,	829	1768	775	850	1256
Crawford,	805	1502	959	851	801
Cumberland,	1807	2326	1748	1492	1133
Dauphin,	2285	1575	2320	781	719
Delaware,	1291	918	1240	609	406
Erie,	1791	1170	1632	992	158
Fayette,	1806	2140	1641	1065	1362
Franklin,	2516	2231	1796	1262	1143
Greene,	1355*	1009	1076	265	1027
Huntingdon,	2189	1657	2449	1118	395
Indiana,	1479	1072	1514	990	13
Jefferson,	....	....	246	369	3
Juniata,	692	486	577	481	156
Lancaster,	6387	4124	7018	4283	474
Lebanon,	1906	1002	2014	621	334
Lehigh,	1624	1564	1912	841	1202
Luzerne,	1583	2064	1480	618	1886
Lycoming,	596	1729	271	236	516
Mercer,	1553	1347	1686	538	875
Mifflin,	834	782	866	909	169
Montgomery,	2733	2972	3011	1757	1509
Northampton,	1820	2376	1152	1270	219
Northumber'd,	1084	1415	883	753	1252
Perry,	697	1281	762	706	776
Philada. City,	4957	3558	5043	1801	1351
Philada. County,	3950	6363	5591	6033	2984
Pike,	71	613	65	620	88
Pot. & McKean,	37	368	....	....	....
Schuylkill,	951	1329	833	456	1179
Somerset,	1855	744	1967	466	*98
Susquehanna,	475	1146	610	840	755
Tioga,	446	710	508	858	175
Union,	2131	1021	2050	583	596
Venango,	406	1261	513	782	443
Warren,	218	450	....	....	....
Washington,	2889	2719	3175	2161	386
Wayne,	241	606	48	341	*159
Westmoreland,	1540	3542	2017	2229	*796
York,	2367	2357	2395	1020	1417
	88186	91435	92178	63831	38555

*Not complete.

Ritner's majority over Wolf is 30,026, and over Muhlenburg, 54,055. The Assembly will stand as follows: Friends of Ritner 70, friends of Wolf 16, friends of Muhlenburg 13. One district to be heard from. Of the eight new senators elected, seven are friendly to Mr. Ritner. The call of a convention to amend the Constitution appears to be lost.

As a matter of future reference we publish the official returns of the votes cast in the city and county of Philadelphia, at the recent election.

	City.	County.	Total.
Governor.			
George Wolf	1801	6033	7,834
Joseph Ritner	5042	5591	10,633
H. A. Muhlenberg	1351	2754	4,105
Convention.			
For a convention,	2313	5570	7,883
Against a Convention,	4444	5798	10,242
Sheriff.			
Thomas Weaver,	1384	5925	7,309
Thomas D. Grover,	1147	5112	6,559
John G. Watmough,	5531	6064	11,596
John U. Fraley,	5149	5881	11,330
Jos. B. Hutchinson,	1351	2438	3,989
Wm. J. Cooper,	1137	1919	3,066
Joseph Snyder,	335	423	758
John Dennis,	219	227	446
Maj. Henry Zepp,	50	149	199
Scattering	34	42	76
Coroner.			
John Dennis,	1830	5698	7,528
Lewis Rush,	1709	5560	7,459
John Dickerson,	5130	6017	11,147
N. L. Keyser,	5143	5974	11,117
Francis Brehlstd,	1940	2404	3,644
Joseph Murray,	1202	2328	3,530
Scattering	34	25	59
County Commissioner.			
Jacob Coller,	1484	5715	7,209
Jacob Engleman,	5135	5817	11,138
William Sutton,	1315	2573	3,888
Auditor.			
William Bozarth,	1475	4569	6,044
Joseph Blankinton,	5353	5785	11,138
Peter A. Grotjan,	1379	2632	4,021
Commissioners Ticket, N. L.			Whig.
Wolf.			
Tobias Boehler,	1203	Michael Brown,	1810
Thos. C. Luders,	1212	Chas. J. Sutter,	1885
Jacob Hubeli,	1197	S. Wonderly,	1879
C. D Bunn,	1221	Saml. Knorr,	1895
Fred'k Hass,	1199	John G. Wolf,	1875
Benj. E. Carpenter,	1203	John T. Smith,	1881
*T. H. Forsyth,	1813	Dan. Clark,	1886
*D. McAllister, 2 y	1810	M. Andrews, 2 y's,	1812
J. L. Hancock, 1 y.	1211	J. Cole, 1 y's,	1882
T. Longstreth, 1 y	1267	Peter Reynould, do.	1887
George Dilks, 1 y	1268	W. M. Kennedy,	1824
Muhlenberg.			
J. F. Fenimore, &c.	597		
Lewis Peburne,	568		
Dr. John Burton,	600		
E. D Martin,	600		
Z. B. Zeigler,	592		
J. Rhemer, Jr.	605		
J. F. Johnson, 1 yr	600		
J. Johnson, 1 yr.	599		
David Siner, 1 yr.	596		

* On Wolf and Muhlenberg Tickets.

COUNTY ASSEMBLY.

Whig.		Wolf.
Wm. Wagner,	6029	Kenderton Smith, 5600
J. Thompson, P.	6026	Saml. Stevenson, 5547
J. W. Wynkoop,	6006	Thomas Lewellen, 5600
Saml. Weyant,	5981	John Vasey, 5564
George Norton,	6001	Thomas McCully, 5589
T. M. Hubbell,	5928	A. Hellenstein, 5560
R. Buchman,	5990	S. H. Reed, 5538
James Comly,	5995	Michael Snyder, 5585
Muhlenberg.		
Richard Rush,	2633	
Thomas J. Hutson,	2666	
Chas. V. Hagner,	2728	
Alex. M. Fritz,	2637	
Joseph M. Dorsb,	2591	
Jacob J Snyder,	2613	
William Deal,	2659	
John Rupert,	2595	

THEATRICAL.

Chesnut Street Theatre.—Mr. Abbott, from the Covent Garden Theatre, made his debut in this city, on Monday evening, in the character of Hamlet, and made a very favorable impression on a large and fashionable audience. He is a chaste and genteel performer, has a fine, manly voice, and is remarkably graceful in his gestures. He plays well in both comedy and tragedy, and appeared on Wednesday, in the part of Charles Surface. Miss Wheatley also commenced an engagement on Monday evening, appearing as Ophelia in the play of Hamlet. She has much improved, both in person and in acting, since she was last in this city. Miss Cooper's benefit took place on Thursday, on which occasion she appeared as Lady Teazle; her father played Charles Surface.

Mr. Balls and Mr. Reeve, European performers of celebrity, are expected to appear at this theatre shortly. The former is said to excel in light comedy, and the latter in broad farce.

Walnut Street Theatre.—Mr. Hill, the inimitable Yankee comedian, has been the great Lion at this house during the week. His engagement has proved unusually successful, and has no doubt proved profitable both to himself and the manager. Hill is, without doubt, one of the drollest fellows on the stage, and it is a matter of no astonishment that he is patronised by those who enjoy a hearty laugh. Mrs. Duff will appear at this house shortly.

The New Yorkers are determined to get up the Placide Benefit in an unrivalled style. The Courier and Enquirer, in speaking of it, gives the following particulars. Such an entertainment has never been produced on the American stage, as that contemplated on this occasion—"The following distinguished performers, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Phillips, Mrs. Sharpe, Miss Watson, Mrs. Richardson, (late Mrs. Chapman) and Messrs. Wallack, Abbott, Hallo, Latham and Brough, have volunteered for the occasion. Mozart's celebrated Opera, the Marriage of Figaro, has been selected for the first piece, and is cast as follows, Mrs. Wood as Susanna, Miss Watson the Countess, Mrs. Chapman the Page, Wood, Almavira, Latham Figaro, Brough, Bosi, and Placide the Gardener; it will be better acted than it ever has been on any stage where the English language is spoken; that is, provided the chorus be strengthened and properly drilled, and the Orchestra well exercised previous to the performance."

The Drama on the Prairies.—A new Theatre is to be built in Missouri, St. Louis—already $15,000 have been subscribed towards it. We do not think our modern Indian plays, or tomahawk and scalping knife scenes will be much in vogue there. Those borders on the confines of the Sioux and Pottawatomies have been much of the realities. Comedies founded on the refinements of civilized life will take better. We in the old atlantic cities will patronize the *mellow drama* and the romantic.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Kept at the Northern Liberties Free Admission News Rooms, (in the shade.)

Oct.	9	12	2	8 o'clock.	
Thurs. 15,	56	64	63	61	N. cloudy.
Frida. 16,	67	70	69	67	N. W. clear.
Satur. 17,	59	65	64	64	N. E. cloudy.
Sund. 18,	65	74	74	70	N.W. cloudy
Mon. 19,	72	78	75	71	clear.
Tues. 20,	64	76	74	70	N. E. clear.
Wed. 21,	61	4	73	59	N. E. clear.

ANDREW McMAKIN Proprietor.

The comet is still plainly visible, every clear evening, in the south west, but as its course is eccentric and its track rapidly changing, it requires some care to follow its motions. According to Professor Joslin, of Schenectady, the celestial visitor has two tails. The Reflector of that place says—

"Though there are on record, some instances of comets having two or three tails, this is the first time in which any such phenomenon has ever been observed in connexion with the comet of Halley. We may expect a more particular account of this discovery hereafter."

The following is an extract from an excellent article respecting this comet, published in a late number of the Edinburgh Review.

"One of the circumstances not the least surprising connected with the comet, is the magnitude of its orbit. It is a very oblong oval, the total length of which is about thirty-six times the earth's distance from the sun; and the greatest breadth about ten times that distance. The nearer extremity of the oval is as a distance from the sun equal to about half the earth's distance; and the more remote extremity at a distance equal to thirty-five and a half times the earth's distance from the sun. The earth's distance from the sun is, in round numbers, one hundred millions of miles; the comet's least distance then will be fifty millions of miles, and its greatest distance three thousand five hundred and fifty millions of miles. Also, since the heat and light supplied by the sun to bodies which surround it diminish in the same proportion as the square of the distance increases, it follows, that at the nearest distance of the comet, the heat and light of the sun will be four times the heat and light of the earth, and at the greatest distance they will be about twelve hundred times less. Also the heat and light at the more remote extremity of the orbit will be nearly five thousand times less than at the nearer extremity; so it is while the sun seen from the comet will appear four times as large as it appears as the earth, at the nearer extremity, it will be reduced to the magnitude of a star, at the more remote extremity. The vicissitudes of temperature, not to mention those of light, consequent upon this change of position, will be sufficiently obvious. If the earth were transported to the more remote extremity of the comet's orbit, every liquid substance would become solid by congelation; and it is extremely probable that atmospheric air and other permanent gases might become liquids. If the earth was, on the other hand, transferred to the nearer extremity of the comet's orbit, all the liquids upon it would be converted into vapor, would form permanent gases, and would either by their mixture constitute atmospheric air, or would arrange themselves in strata, one above the other, according to their specific gravities. All the less refractory solids would be fused, and would form, in the cavities of the nucleus, oceans of liquid metal."

OMINOUS.

The annexed paragraph is taken from a late number of the London Morning Chronicle. It would seem to denote approaching troubles in France, and regarded in connection with the late severe measures of the French gov't, may be viewed as an evidence of a determination on the part of the people, to make a desperate effort to overthrow the present dynasty.

"We already learn that several of the societies which had overspread France during the Restoration, and whose exertions contributed to prepare that state of things which hurled the elder Bourbons from the throne, after an insignificant contest; are beginning to organise themselves, both in Paris and the Provinces. Every attempt of the Government to put these confederations down will only render the managers of them more determined and more acute in endeavouring to avoid detection, and to dispense with all tangible proofs of their existence."

"The Life of Washington in Latin," written by Mr. Glass, deceased, and edited by J. N. Reynolds, Esq has recently been published by the Harpers. It is thus noticed by the New York Star:

We cannot add any thing to what we have already said of the merits of this extraordinary production.—Its pure latinity has passed the ordeal of some of the best classical scholars of this country. It may be remarked in corroboration of this, that it has already been adopted as a class book in several academies and schools; among which we may name the grammer school of three hundred scholars, attached to Columbia College, of which Mr. Anthon, the eminent classical professor of that college, is Rector. Of its real merits no one can be a better judge than him. The typography does credit to the Harpers.

Mr. Reynolds, the editor, who has brought this invaluable posthumous work before the public, has bequeathed to them "a rich legacy." He has honored his deceased friend, and mangre his long absence and the "dangers he has passed" over the Antarctic seas and foreign climes, has not forgotten to perform this act of personal friendship to his preceptor and public usefulness to his country.

POLICE OFFICE.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What art can sooth her melancholy,
What art can drive her grief away."

A Sorrowful Scene.—Just inside the door this morning we encountered the faded form and features of a once fair creature, Charlotte Cummings, who had been brought up to the watch-house for having assaulted a gentleman of Broadway, and tried (as was alleged) to strangle him. This fragile creature, who has not yet attained the age of eighteen years, we remember to have made her first appearance at the police office just before the time of the cholera in 1832. She had at that period recently landed from a Liverpool packet ship, together with her father and mother, two sisters and two brothers. The three girls were as lovely looking creatures as ever "breathed the breath of heaven," and might not unaptly have been termed "the Graces," of whom Charlotte was the youngest. She came, we well recollect, to the place upon the occasion above alluded to, for the purpose of testifying to the guilt of a fellow passenger, who had robbed her father on the passage of a large quantity of sovereigns, and in whose possession she had seen some of the money; but as the money could not be identified, the scoundrel was set at liberty, and the family were reduced to a state of extreme poverty, the amount stolen exceeding 2000 sovereigns. To add to their distress during the season of the cholera, the family were seized with that horrible disease. The father was the first that fell a victim to it; and he was still unburied when the youngest boy died, and soon afterwards one grave enclosed them both. The two eldest daughters died as they had lived and grown in beauty, side by side; and one short week saw the father and every child but Charlotte, swept from the land of the living, and the places that knew them once, knew them no more for ever. On the evening of the day upon which the last victim was consigned to the tomb, the mother ached, and in six hours afterwards, Charlotte was left an orphan, destitute, friendless, and among strangers.—She was taken under the care of the commissioners of the Alms-house, and soon afterwards obtained a situation in a respectable family in Pearl street, as nurse maid. Nothing was heard of her for some time, until she was invited to the house of an English family, named Jones, living in Oak street, who honored her so far as to form a party on the occasion of Charlotte's birth day; and here two young fellows who as, lived to the honor of her hand in a country dance, quarrelled, went out of doors and fought for her favor. The were both taken to the watch-house, together with Charlotte and another female who had interfered with a view to separate the combatants. In the morning they were all dismissed by Justice Wyman. After this one of the fighting youths became her sweetheart, and continued to court her for a twelvemonth. At the next anniversary of her birth-day, at the self same house, he escorted her home, and under a solemn promise to wed her in the morning, he accomplished her ruin. He procrastinated the time of their marriage by various delays and excuses, and ultimately sailed for New Orleans, leaving her *enciente*. Grief and disappointment at her unhappy situation, and the discovery of the villain's callous and depraved disposition, brought on premature labor, and she gave birth to a still born child. From that hour to this she seems to have been running the broad road to destruction, nor could the tears, prayers, threats, remonstrances, entreaties, or advice of her friends, produce the least pause in her painful career; she seemed resistibly bent upon going headlong to destruction; and although scarcely turned sixteen, she addicted herself to drinking in a most desperate manner. Her third appearance at the police office, was in the character of a drunkard; and she was brought before justice Wyman in a semi hysterical state, (the joint effects of liquor and sorrow,) and her hands convulsively grasped a 5-01 n te, which had been forwarded to her from some of her father's relatives in England, and which she had that day received. She was at that period sent to the Alms-house until she become sober, and the note deposited for safe keeping with some respectable person. A short time afterwards, she by some means obtained possession of this money, and sailed for New Orleans, disguised as a sailor, with a view to seek her seducer, whom she said she intended to shoot as soon as she should see him. When she reached that city, he had returned (as was said) to New York. Hither she also came in the last packet, and according to her own statement had yesterday indulged in drinking until she drowned her reason and sense of decency.—She went to one of the hotels in Broadway, where she saw a person enter who she thought strikingly resembled her seducer. She was expelled thence, and this confirmed her suspicion that he was the person whom she was seeking. She waited for more than an hour, when she saw the same person leave the house and pass down the pavement. She followed, overtook, seized him by the throat, threw him down, and nearly strangled him before she distinctly saw his features, when finding that she had been mistaken, she fainted away. On being resuscitated, she raved and tore her hair, and conducted herself so violently, that the watchman thought it advisable to take her to the watch-house. In the morning the magistrate had hardly asked her the reason of her behaviour, ere she burst into tears, threw herself on the ground, and prayed with a bitter earnestness for instant death. She was put below for a short time, when becoming somewhat more calmed and composed, and no person appearing to prefer a complaint against her, she was set at liberty upon promising to go and live with an acquaintance in Madison street.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

The Georgetown Metropolitan, of Saturday last says—

"The President of the United States honored the race-ground yesterday by his presence. The General's health seemed exceedingly good, and every one was gratified to perceive him take such an interest in the sports of the day."

Let the Worthy be Promoted.—Our neighbour Chandlee, who for two years past, has occupied a conspicuous place in the Common Council, has lately been promoted, we are gratified to perceive, to a seat in the Select branch of the City Corporation. This promotion has been honestly earned. In Common Council, Mr. Chandlee proved a devoted and efficient public servant, and to him belongs the honour of originating and carrying out very many of the highly important measures which have occupied the attention of our City Legislature, since he has been a member. As a member of the Select Council, we have no doubt he will be found equally as efficient in sustaining the public interest, for while he has wisdom to devise and experience to mature, plans and suggestions for public improvement, he has talent in debate, to enforce his views upon the attention of his colleagues.

POSTSCRIPT

DEAD BODIES FOUND.

A slip from the office of the New Castle Gazette, informs us that a day or two since, two fierces were put on shore at that place, from one of the steamboats, under the supposition that they contained human flesh. They were opened, and the bodies of three negroes were discovered, two females and one male. The fierces came on from Baltimore, and were directed to H. G. Francis, Philadelphia. The bodies, were, no doubt, intended for some medical college. After being examined by a jury they were buried in one grave.

At a meeting of the Canal Steam Transportation Company, held on Thursday evening last, at the Golden Swan Hotel, a constitution was adopted, and the following gentlemen elected directors for one year ensuing.

Charles Barrington, jr.	Charles Johnson, jr.
Charles C. Watson, jr.	Samuel C. Atkinson,
Capt. D. W. Crocker,	W. B. Watson.
Nathaniel Potts,	

From the New York Mercantile.

Another Awful Death from Drunkenness.—On Wednesday night, about eleven o'clock, an infant child

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the New York Mirror.

The Reply to "Tell him I Love him Yet."

Tell her I love her yet,
With an enchanting soul;
Oh! how can I forget,
When memory spurns control.

Tell her the by-gone time
Oft seeks my curtain'd sleep—
If dreams of her be crime,
My guilt is dark and deep!

Tell her I'd strive for fame,
If 'twere my truth to prove;
And win a noble name,
Were my seward her love.

But, ah! the laurel now,
With all its glorious strife,
Would bind an aching brow,
And mock my cruel fate.

Tell her no happy smile
May now my cheek illume!
Say, can the dead the while
Life's warm, warm glow resume.

Tell her I *hope* no more,
But still my *faith* retain—
The vow to her I swore,
I may not swear again.

Tell her, her prayer for me
Is lifted not alone;
Mine, too, to Heaven shall be,
As warm-breathed as her own.

Tell her when welcome death
Shall call me hence to part,
Her name shall have my breath,
Her image light my heart.

A compliment taken.—"How very lovely you look," said a gallant cavalier to a *brilliant* dame, at a recent fancy ball. The lady smiled and simpered, and replied, as she twirled and twisted her jewels, so that the light might shine fully upon them, "Oh yes! I assure you I've got on thirty thousand pounds!" And so she had, and was fairly worth that sum.

A long time to Wait.—It is the custom at the chambers, in inns of courts, when attorneys or their clerks are absent, to put labels on the doors, thus—"Gone to the Temple; return in an hour, &c." A certain limb of the law having recently been *non est inventus*, and a charge of embezzlement brought against him, a *friend* fastened the following announcement to the doors of his chamber:—"Gone to Botany-bay: return in 14 years."

Substantial reasons for trusting nobody.—A lady went to a circulating library in this city to borrow books, but objected to leaving the pledge required for their safe return.

"Do you always take a pledge?" said she.

"Invariably," said the librarian.

Lady—What! of acquaintances as well as strangers?

Libr.—Equally the same, madam.

Lady—Seems to me that's very odd.

Libr.—It may be very odd, ma'am, but its very safe.

Lady—Oh, how illiberal!

Libr.—I'm sorry you think so. But the truth is, we don't trust strangers, because we don't know them, and—

Lady—Because *you don't know them?* Very good—and what's the reason you don't trust your acquaintances?

Libr.—Because we *do.*

Pig Names.—Among the singularities of the Irish peasantry in that of giving fine names to their pigs.—"I have heard of one instance," says Mr. Moore, "where a couple of young pigs were named at their birth, Abelard and Eloise."

POOR PAY, POOR PREACH.

General Charles Scott, of the revolutionary army, afterwards Governor of Kentucky, became a prisoner of war at the surrender of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1781.—His health became so bad that he obtained his parole; and having procured a horse and chair for himself, and a horse and chair for his servant, put some provisions and a bottle of spirits into the chair box, (for there were few houses at accomodation on the road he was about to travel) the General was placed in his small carriage, and set out for his native state, Virginia.

On his march to Charleston, he acquired the knowledge of a remarkably cool spring, about twelve or fourteen miles from the city, encompassed by a fine shade, and not more than a hundred yards from the road. He ordered his servant to drive to the spot, which was soon found. As the General was so feeble that he could neither walk nor stand alone, his servant spread his cloak upon the grass, took him from his chair, and laid him down to rest.

The British commander had sedulously prohibited all communications to the American prisoners, either by letters or newspapers, in consequence of which it was extremely difficult to learn what was going on. General Scott was desirous to know if the Americans had any force in the field in that quarter of the country, and if so, to learn their strength and position. He ordered his servant to keep a lookout, and if he saw any person passing along the road, to hail and ask him to come to the spring. After some time the servant remarked to the General, that he saw a dirty looking Indian coming up the road. "Direct him to come here," said the General. He did so, and something like the following dialogue ensued.

General—How do you do?

Indian—Oh, how do?

General—Where have you come from?

Indian—From the Lower Catawba town.

General—Where are you going?

Indian—To the Upper Catawba town.

General—What are you going there for?

Indian—I am going to preach.

General—Aye, so you preach, do you?

Indian—O, yes, me preach sometime.

General—Well! do they pay you any thing for preaching?

Indian—Yes, little—twenty shillings—each town pay me twenty.

General—Why, that is d——n poor pay.

Indian—Aye—and d——n poor preach too.

The General who was so pleased with the prompt and candid reply of the Indian, that he burst into a fit of laughter, and for a long time he could not restrain himself. When he became composed, he discovered that he had got into a considerable perspiration, which he had not felt before since his sickness. The bottle of spirits had been put into the spring, to cool: the provisions were taken out of the chair-box; the General and the Indian ate and drank together, and the General has been heard to declare, that he ate and drank with a better appetite than he had done since he had been a prisoner. He was helped into his chair again, pursued his journey, continued to improve in health, and when he arrived at his residence, Petersburg, he was perfectly restored to health.

General Scott has often said, that this adventure with the Indian saved his life; the incident was so novel, and the acknowledgment of the Indian so simple and frank, it cheered him up, and the recollection of it caused him to laugh frequently, as he travelled homeward, with gloomy thoughts, brooding over the misfortunes of the American cause. It was the first time General Scott had ever heard the comparison and he believed the present adage of 'poor pay, poor preach,' had its origin in the manner here described.

A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country: but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and its stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe," said the Brazilian to his guest: "before I received this present, I used, after taking off the candle snuff, to throw it about the floor, or perchance on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now—mark the difference!" So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully in the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly amused spectator.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Church in Danger.—An honest old woman who came from the country to the old church in Dundee, brought with her some bread and cheese, and a bottle of beer. Just as the clergyman was administering the order of baptism, owing probably to the weather, the cork flew to the ceiling, with a report like that of a pistol, the noise of which reverberating along the aisles, was heard by every one in the church. The honest woman attempted to look from her seat as if nothing had happened, but it would not do; she made a cork of her thumb, but still the liquor went on discharging itself in the church, crying fiz, fiz, fiz.—*Eng. Paper.*

Concert Extraordinary.—Bayle notices the Abbot of Baigne, a man of great wit, who, having the art of inventing new musical instruments, and being in the service of Louis XI. King of France, was ordered by that Prince to get him a *concert of swine's voices*, thinking it impossible. The abbot was not surprised, but asked money for the performance, which was immediately delivered to him; and he wrought a thing as singular as was ever seen; for out of a great number of hogs of several ages which he got together, and placed under a tent or pavilion, covered with velvet, before which he had a table of wood, painted, with a certain number of keys, he made an organical instrument, and as he played upon the said keys, with little spikes, which pricked the hogs, he made them cry in such order and *consonance* as highly delighted the king and his company.

Curious Anecdote.—Some time after the execution of the priests, there was much drunkenness prevailed among the troops, and, as they had very little money, it could not be accounted for, until a grenadier of the 8th was brought to a courtmartial. On his sentence being read, Sir F. Stovin said he would forgive him, if he told the cause of the drunkenness, when the following laughable story came out:—He had purchased a quantity of rope, of the size used at the executions, and sold it for a quarter-dollar an inch to the deluded natives, as relics of the ropes which had hung their priests!—*Colonel Cadell's Services of the 28th Regiment.*

KEAN'S LAST STROLLING ADVENTURE.

Kean's improvidence has been the theme of many a tongue, but few of his acts exceed the stroke-day of it in starting for Dorchester in a *post-chaise* without funds sufficient to carry himself and his family one quarter of the way. They set off indeed in the post-chaise, and accomplished the first stage of their journey; but an accurate survey of their exchequer being then made, it was found necessary that Mrs. Kean and the eldest child, Howard, whom there was no arguing, should proceed in the coach, and that Kean himself, with his youngest son on *his back*, should trudge inward on foot. It was not the first time that he had acted the foot traveller, but it was the first time that he had carried double. A stout heart, however, and a dozen merry companions, all members of the same company, vanquished many of the evils of the way. They set forward cheerfully, and performed more than half their task in a day. At night they stopped at a humble inn on the road side, where Kean fed the child and put him to bed (in his clothes!) and in the morning, forgetting the oriental custom of ablution, took their forwards in his original furnishable dust. One or two of the actors relieved our hero from his child burden occasionally, particularly a good-natured comedian of the name of Clifford, who several years afterwards was introduced by (the then celebrated actor) Kean to his son, as the gentleman who had carried him in his infancy on this memorable journey. About noon on the second day Mrs. Kean, who, with her boy Howard, was on the look-out for her husband's arrival, beheld the regiment of strollers approaching the town.—They came in by twos and threes, hot, dusty, tired and with boards that, except in colour, would have done honour to the chin of Abomelique, the bear being brought up by Kean himself, with the child delighted and crowing upon his back. Mrs. Kean, whose maternal eye beheld in an instant the child's hat and great coat, utterly spoiled, began lamenting the demolition of his finery; but she was quickly stopped by the tragedian, who told her in tragic terms, "to be thankful that he had brought him home at all." The theatre at Dorchester was, by a degree, worse than that of Barnstable. "When the curtain drew up," Kean began, "I saw a wretched house. A few people in the pit and gallery, and three persons in the boxes, showed the quantity of attraction we possessed. In the stage-box, however, there was a gentleman who seemed to understand acting. He was very attentive to the performance. Seeing this, I was determined to play my best. The strange man did not applaud; but his looks told me that he was pleased. After the play, I went to the dress-room (this was under the stage) to change my dress for the 'Savage,' so that I could hear every word that was said over-head. I heard a gentleman (who I supposed was the gentleman of the stage-box) ask Lee the name of the performer who played the principal character. 'Oh!' answered Lee, 'his name is Kean—a wonderful clever fellow: a great little man. He's going to London. He has got an engagement from Mr. Whitebread;—a great man, sir.' 'Indeed!' replied the gentleman, 'I am glad to hear it. He's certainly very clever; but he is very small.' 'His mind is large; no matter for his height,' returned Lee to this. By this time I was dressed for the 'Savage,' and I therefore mounted upon the stage. The gentleman bowed to me, and complimented me slightly upon my play, observing, 'Your manager says that you are engaged for London?' 'I am offered a trial,' said I, 'and if I succeed I understand that I am to be engaged.'—'Well,' said the gentleman, 'will you breakfast with me in the morning?' 'I am at the——hotel. I shall be glad to speak to you. My name is Arnold; I am the—*manager of Drury-lane theatre.* I staggered as if I had been shot. My acting in the Savage, was done for. However, I stumbled through the part, and—here I am."—*Barry Cornwall's life of Kean.*

Jonathan's Hunting Excursion.—"Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and Uncle Zekiel had duckin on't on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, whilst amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage, for, and in consideration of a brass new tin milk pan. "No, I never did, do tell it," was the reply.

"Well—you must know that I and Uncle Zeke took it into our heads on Saturday afternoon to go a gunning after ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got and skulled down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards I tell ye—and by'm by a few on'em lit down by the mash, and went to feeding on muscles. I catched up my peauder horn to prime and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I could'nt swim a jot, so I ses to Uncle Zeke you're a pretty clever feller, jest hit me take your peauder horn to prime. And don't you think the stingy critter would'nt. Well says I, you're a pretty good diver, 'an if you'll dive and git it, I'll give you a primin. I thought he'd leave his peauder horn, but he did'nt; but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid"—here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added —"I looked down and what do you think the critter was doin?" "Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know." "There he was," said our hero, "sitting right on the bottom of the river pouring the peauder out of my horn into hizen."

Extracts from Coleridge's Table Talk.

Ghost stories are absurd. Whenever a real ghost appears—by which I mean some man or woman dressed up to frighten another—if the supernatural character of the apparition has been for a moment believed, the effects on the spectator have always been most terrible—convulsion, idiocy, madness, or even death on the spot. Consider the awful descriptions in the Old Testament of the effects of a spiritual presence on the prophets and seers of the Hebrews; the terror, the exceeding great dread, the utter loss of all animal power. But in our common ghost stories, you always find that the seer, after a most appalling apparition, as you are to believe, is quite well the next day. Perhaps he may have a headache; but that is the outside of the effect produced. Alston, a man of *genius*, and the best painter yet produced by *America*, when he was in England, told me an anecdote which confirms what I have been saying. It was, I think, in the University of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavour to convert a Tom-Paineite companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the barrel which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awaking, and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A., very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face, and said, "I know you. This is a very good joke; but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish!" The ghost stood still. "Come," said A., "that is enough. I shall get angry. Away!" Still the ghost moved not. "By ——," ejaculated A., "if you do not in three minutes go away, I'll shoot you." He waited the time, deliberately levelled the pistol, fired, and, with a scream at immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterwards died. The very instant he believed it *to be* a ghost, his human nature fell before it.

A SPIRIT-STIRRING INCIDENT.

A Quebec correspondent of the Boston Atlas, after giving a brief account of the skirmish during the late war between the then U. S. frigate President and three British vessels of war, relates the following spirit-stirring incident:—

"I have spoken of the three chivalrous officers who were killed in the action, on board the President. One of them, Lieut. Hamilton, was the son of the Hon. Paul Hamilton, of South Carolina, Secretary of the Navy. He was a midshipman under Decatur in the frigate United States, at the capture of the Macedonian. On the arrival of the United States at New London with her prize, young Hamilton was singled out by Decatur to carry express to Washington, the news of the capture. He accordingly departed, with the colors of the British frigate, without communicating his intelligence to any one on the way. On arriving at the seat of government, in the evening, he learned that there was a grand ball going on, given by the citizens of the place, in honor of the victory of the Constitution over the Guerriere. The Chief Magistrate, all the officers of the government, and commodore Hull, with all the fashion and beauty of the place, were of course present. Hamilton proceeded to the ball-room, and calling out his father before he entered, he showed him the Macedonian's colors, and announced her capture. The joy of the father may be imagined. Leading his son by the arm, he entered the saloon, and there displaying the captured colors, he communicated to the brilliant assembly the intelligence of the new victory. Young Hamilton was made a lieutenant on the spot by Mr. Madison. The ladies crowded around him, bestowing upon him most undisputed tokens of their favor and admiration. It was an hour to Hamilton, in which the emotions and the happiness of years of ordinary life were crowded.—Little more than two years afterwards, he fell mortally wounded in the encounter with the Endymion."

The Grand Duke Constantine and his wife.—Three or four times a week I received commands to attend his levee, and not unfrequently to breakfast—a meal which he commonly took at about 11 in the day. On these occasions he seemed to take considerable pleasure in all I could tell him of England and its modes and customs—its army, its capital, and its domestic and commercial resources. If on some of these subjects I confessed my ignorance, he would eye me with a doubting and suspicious glance, urge me again and again on the same point, as if he thought I was unwilling to explain, or expressly reserved that of which I confess I was utterly ignorant; or he would dash up in a towering passion, break into some intemperate expressions, and declare that I ought to be ashamed of myself not to be acquainted with statistics, which even foreigners knew well.

In these sudden and unforseen excesses of passion, he was with difficulty pacified—a task upon which I never dared to venture—I could only look on and listen in silence; but if his elegant and amiable Princess was present, as was not unfrequently the case, her graceful tenderness and endearments calmed down the storm; she petted him like a forward child, and with a doubting pause or half muttered growl, his good humor returned. This charming and accomplished creature, was his wife by one of those left-handed marriages so common and well understood among the German Princes, and it was always a matter of surprise to me by what strange freak of destiny, of being so mild and gentle in manners, so graceful, so tender and amiable in all the scenes and movements of her life, could have been linked to such a monster; and what seems stranger still, she loved him, and thence perhaps, the secret of her influence. I have seen him often playing with her long ringlets, or fondling in his great paw the prettiest and whitest hand in the world, or kissing his hand to her at a window with an air that actually approached to tenderness. She, indeed, was the only person who possessed any real influence over his mind, and her gentle ways could soothe the wild beast in his angriest moods; she would follow him as he stamped about the room, she expostulated, she wheedled, she caressed; she would try with a tear in her eye to make him laugh; and it would seem that, almost in spite of himself, the smile she sought so anxiously came at her bidding; he would look into her eyes, kiss her little hand, and seat himself again, and without another allusion to the cause of the explosion.

He seemed almost to encourage her interference; and he played with her as a child would with a doll; but she was a plaything with which he never quarrelled. He seemed proud, too, of her mental acquirements, and he delighted in the display of her accomplishments. Indeed, I at one time attributed it as a principal cause why I was so often an invited guest at the Belvidere, that it afforded her the opportunity of speaking English—an accomplishment in which she excelled: she possessed considerable fluency, and that best possible smack of foreign accent which could not but be otherwise than pleasing on the lips of a pretty woman. Constantine took *great pleasure* in setting us talking in that language—he rubbed his hands, and listened with evident gratification as she prattled away in a tongue which he did not understand, and commanded repeatedly to express his pleasure and satisfaction. His te derness for this mild and gentle being was at least a redeeming point in his character, and his attachment was repaid on her part by the most devoted and entire affection. Poor thing! his death broke the slight cord which attached her to life; whether it was that her whole soul, her existence, was wrapped up in him who had raised her from comparative obscurity almost to a throne, or whether it was that she missed the being who, however harsh to others, was always after his fashion kind to her—whom she had been long accustomed to cajole, to fondle, to guide, to moderate—the link was severed—her gentle heart broke under the shock, and, after hardly two months of a painful widowhood, she sunk into the grave which had received her husband.—*Monthly Magazine.*

A worthy once remarked that if one would seat himself in a strong draft of air, place his feet in a bucket of cold water, and jingle the shovel and tongs, he might enjoy all the pleasures of sleigh riding at a great discount from the livery stable prices.

"Well Mr. Jackson," said a clergyman to his parishioner, "Sunday must be a blessed day to you. You work hard six days, and the seventh you come to church." "Yes, sir," said Jackson, "I work hard all the week, and then I comes to church, sets me down, cocks up my legs, *and thinks of nothing.*"

THE SILK CULTURIST.

Native Mulberry.—The native, or black mulberry, grows spontaneously in the wilds of some of the Southern and Western States, and though they grow luxuriantly and to a great size are covered with foliage, yet they are worthless for feeding silk worms. The worms will eat the leaves and thrive upon them, but the silk they make is of a very inferior quality. The cocoons made from the wild mulberry are beautiful, and by an experienced manufacturer, would be pronounced to be very superior. Even Mr. D'Homergue, a young Frenchman and the son of an eminent silk manufacturer at Nismes, in Languedoc, on the first examination, considered them preferable to those from the white mulberry. On a further examination, however, he decided that silk, of a merchantable quality, could not be reeled from them. He is of opinion, however, that scions of the white or Italian mulberry engrafted into wild mulberry stocks would produce a tree of handsomer growth, and less liable to perish by cold, and other vicissitudes of atmosphere. He also thinks it would accelerate their growth.

Locust Trees.—The Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture, have awarded to Mr. William Clark, Jr. of Northampton, a premium of $20 for a plantation of locust trees. The timber of locust is invaluable on account of its durability. It is sought for by ship builders and the government price for it has been as high as seventy-five cents a cubit foot. Locust posts, set in the ground have been known to last upwards of half a century. It is also excellent for fuel. Though the rapid growth of this tree, and its great value renders it a prime object of cultivation, yet the mulberry will be found to be altogether more profitable. Its growth is as rapid—its timber is as valuable and in addition to both, its foliage will yield a large annual profit in rearing silk worms. We are credibly informed, that mulberry posts, of the ordinary length and size for fences, have been sold in New Haven for $2 a piece. Every farmer may double the value of his farm in ten years, by cultivating the white mulberry tree, for the sole purpose of timber and fuel.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

A HINT TO FARMERS.

A late Liverpool paper says:—"A farmer of Trowbridge has tried on an acre of land the effect of planting wheat at about a foot apart. He last year had 18 sacks from an acre and a quarter; and from one acre of land which he had this year planted in the same way he expects twenty sacks of wheat. He has tried it in the manner the red straw Lammas, and the Taunton white wheat, and has found them both doubly productive; on this principle two pecks of seed are sufficient for an acre. In the winter there was scarcely the appearance of a blade, but when the spring advanced the crop began to look luxuriantly healthy and strong. The farmer thinks that if planted eighteen inches apart, he would have a still better crop, and he means to try this next year.

Fattening of Calves.—*Veal* is either among the best or most indifferent of meats. If the calf be well fattened and bled during the process of fattening, it is certainly one of the most delicious viands that can be brought to the table; but if neglected—if robbed, as is mostly the case, of half its milk, and not given any additional food, it is when slaughtered as juiceless as it is possible to imagine any thing *to be*, unsavory in its flavor and revolting to the sight. Such being the case, the fattening of calves intended for the butcher becomes a matter of serious enquiry and as the farmer should always consult economy in all he does, a cheap way of making *good* veal will, as it ought, to be considered the best.

A calf intended for veal, then, should be suckled regularly three times a day, at regular hours. In addition to its mother's milk it should have between the intervals of suckling, messes of corn meal, gruel, and boiled skimmed milk, say from a quart to three pints a day for the first three weeks, the quantity to be increased as the calf approaches nearer and nearer the period of slaughtering, to from three quarts to a gallon. He should not be killed earlier than when he is six weeks old. If the calf should refuse to drink the gruel and milk, it should be given him by force. This can be easily effected. Fill a strong black glass bottle with the mixture, hold up his head, insert the neck of the bottle into his mouth, and smooth your hand over his wind-pipe *to encourage his swallowing.*

A gruel made of half an ounce of flaxseed flour may be substituted for that of the corn meal about thrice a week. This latter preparation has a most salutary effect; besides being highly nutritious and tending to increase the fat of the animal, it improves the complexion of the hair and loosens the hide.

For about ten days before the calf is killed, he should be given force-feeds daily. They are composed simply of Indian corn meal and eggs beaten up together and softened a little with milk. Two eggs and as much flour as they will make up, with a small quantity of milk, is enough for each daily allowance.

A lump of chalk if placed in a box convenient for the calf to lick, will be found to correct the acidities of his stomach, and prevent scouring.

If in winter, the calf should be shut up in a dry warm place, and if in summer, in a dry, cool place, where he will not be annoyed with flies; his stall must be kept well cleaned and have plenty of fresh straw, hay or leaves to lie upon.—*Bull. For. & Gardener.*

From the Farmer and Gardner.

Sheep Husbandry.—Mr. Editor—In your valuable "Farmer" for June 2d, I notice a few remarks on "*wintering sheep.*" The importance of this animal as regards, *flesh*, and *fleece* to our comfort, is proverbial, and consequently, merits a full share of attention to its support, as well as propagation.

I have tried some ten or twelve different modes of *supporting* this animal in a *climate*, peculiarly inviting the *rearing* of sheep. Where it can pass by be bad, *green rye* ought to be secured, to allow them, if but a few mouthfuls per day; it is culately at *lambing* time: but at all times, it appears to be singularly effectual, in preserving a *high state* of animal health. A few *turnips* thrown to them every day is essential to produce the same effect. To them on a may be added, *cut feast before they are perfectly ripe*, and housed, without getting wet. But sir, in the *south* a much more *economical* preparation can be readily had—superior in *quantity* and *quality*, per acre, to the best *clover field*. After the oats is taken from the field, turn over the *stubble* on the cow or tory pear, sow about half a bushel to the acre. In a common season, about the time the peas are ready for gathering, by pulling up the vines, and thus saving peas and vines together, it will be found that the *crab grass* will be, not only high enough to cut, but so far in *seed*, as to furnish a rich *hay*. Cut then the whole with scythes, and cure as hay, *salting* well while *stacking*. Submit this food to the cutting box, feed in troughs, and mix it, *half* and *half*, with the *oats* cut off the ground, the *same season*, cut up also. Add to this, two turnips per day for each sheep, if the turnips are small, and three if large, or *Ruta Baga*. The fondness of the sheep for the *pea*, is well known. The *strength* of nutritive quality of the *vine* and leaf, when *properly saved* as fodder, is equally known to southern planters. Salt well, of of course, and let *tar* remain in the *bottom* of the *salt trough*:—a little pulverized *tobacco once a week* with the salt, permitting the sheep to ramble through an adjacent *woodland*, particularly if *hilly*, about half the day, in *good weather*. Sheds for them of course in *bad*. On trial of this plan it will be acknowledged that the *number*, *one acre* will support, in high *health* and *fleece*, will meet the expectations of the most perfect *economist*. Like all other animals, a state of *costiveness* is inimical to animal *health*, but in the sheep, this is read ly prevented, by either *rye or turnip*. The *pea* agrees well, in every particular with that animal. *Rye-straw* saved well, and *cut before ripe*, is *superior* to oats straw. *Barley straw* is excellent, and *rice straw* superior:—and will be found a *substitute* for the oats, if the *turnip* is added. A *small barley or rye lot*, will give the requisite quantity to secure the *wheat health*, of one hund ed sheep. Thirty min- day, if the *turnips* are added, will be sufficient. e quantity of *green vegetable food*, taken in during the short period, with the above quantity of *turnips*, will secure a healthy fermentation in the stomach of the dry food, secure a high degree of *health* in the animal, and of course, *flesh* and *fleece*. By a little attention to *filtering* with *dry* litter, on *dry ground*, a quantity of superior *manure* may be secured. To save the *urine* the pen ought to be laid with *dry earth*, previous to penning, removing it at proper intervals. AGRICOLA.

A Card to Tailors.

FRANCIS MAHAN, practical tailor, and teacher of the cutting system, respectfully informs his friends in the country, that he has removed from Alloy Wood, of the city of Philadelphia, published to the Tailors' Art, type, and invented on the principles system of garment cutting, by indicators, bearing date the 4 day of June 1833, county of the subscriber has in preparation for the press and will shortly publish all the principles contained in said publication, together with all and every of the monuments appertaining to his (Mahan's) copyright and patent. Pantaloon System. By the following manner he intends to secure unto the learning assume, the first advance of any material publication, to bear the title of Mahan's Improvement and Application of Ward's Pantaloon System of Garment Cutting. In this publication, the result of many years experience as a tailor and fashioner, will be communicated to the subscribers thereto, accurate design of the London and Philadelphia fashions, with directions for their use, together with numerous and useful information contained in the first publication, as well as the additional matters applied always with success by the publisher; in fine, everything calculated to impart scientific skill to the tailor, and make it in principle to become talented and well informed, in the practical science. Those who patronize this work will be supplied with the *Journal*, published monthly at $5 per annum—invariably in advance. Any person wishing to become a subscriber will please forward their names, (post paid) to the publisher, at his residence, No. 21 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

Also, at the same time and place, a lot containing 10 acres, in Horsham Township, fronting on the Horsham road, adjoining lands of Eli Roberts and others, about one mile from Willow Grove. Also, a lot containing 7½ acres of land, handsomely situated, and in good quality as any in the township, in a good state of cultivation, and divided into convenient fields, with a good dwelling house and other necessary buildings thereon erected.

There is also on the premises, two dwelling houses, with wells, and pumps therein, near the doors; one house and with house, a large barn, and other buildings, and a young apple orchard of grafted fruit, in the prime of bearing. The neighbourhood is so well known, any further description is deemed unnecessary. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.

sept 17—40 IZRA CROASDALE.

THE LATEST FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

THE ALMANDE is enlarged, and put up in the central manner, containing a full supplement of the present fashions, and a large variety of other fancy goods, consisting of gent dandy patterns of collar, and bandie pants, and a miniature coat, type setting the toll of laughable and cutlet. The above is arranged to suit any rule, and adapted at the low price of 25 cents per dozen, or $20 per hundred on wood, or $2 at the close of the year. The semi-annual card of 14 splendid figures, if accompanying the Almande, $3 per annum—anticipated $4.

The *system and fashions* may be had in 3d street, No 6 South, No 304 and 633 North, or at 81 Arch street. No letters but such as are post paid will be accepted from the office.

oct 17—3t* JAMES B. CHAPPELL.

DIVITIAL INSTITUTION OF NORTH AMERICA,
And Six Per Cent. Savings Bank.

This institution, established in May, 1833, with a capital of $50,000, has begun to receive deposits, on which 6 per cent. are compound. Persons desirous of making small weekly or monthly deposits, are permitted to pay their monthly instalments of $1 per share, till March, 1836. A fine of 5 per cent. is due for each monthly neglect. The donation may change their own times and terms of deposit. The profits of 1834, after which they may become stockholders, if they like, and have vote. The institution is managed by two trustees and forty guardians. Money is to be loaned on stocks and other securities, in sums of large amount. The first quarterly dividend to stockholders, was at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. Money invested there, doubles itself in 7 years, and quadrupulate in 14. If only deposited, it doubles in 12 years.

The office is open Mondays and Wednesdays, from ten till two o'clock, at No. 110 North 10th st. Acting Trustees.

PETER BRITTIN, No. 222 North E. canal street,
C. C. RAPINE, Actuary, &c. No. 110 N. 10th.
oct 17—3m

To Let,

A COMMODIOUS and pleasant three story dwelling house with back buildings, situated No. 92 New street, south side, between 3d and Front, and Race and Vine streets. To be let to immediate possession. Apply at No. 276 South 2d street. oct 17—3t*

ISAAC BARTON,
No. 30 South 2d St. Philada.,
Offers for Sale, at Moderate Prices,

SILKS, consisting an extensive assortment of French, Italian, English and India; including superior China Satins, and Canchloon of plain colours.

Flount Silks, Gros de Naples, Chalie and Bandanas;
Merino long and square Shawls, plain white, and bordered; Thibet, Norwich, and other Shawls.

Drab Habit Cloths, suitable for Cloaks; other Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

Rose Blankets, Marseilles Quilts, Counterpanes, Red Tick and Blue Denim Linens, Worsted Damasks, Moreens, Furniture Chintzes and Dimity; Damask Table Linen, Napkins, and other furnishing articles—together with a general assortment of Muslins, Ginghams, Calicoes, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

Also—Kattinetts and Cloths, for carriage linings.
oct 10—4ms.

To House-keepers & Others.

THE subscriber will deliver to any part of the city, a first rate article of *soft soap*, to *barrels* and *half barrels*, at $2 per barrel. He has also, on hand, a quantity of *Palm Soap*, known to be very good for the skin, of his own manufacture, and equal to any imported—together with a large assortment of Fancy Soaps, White, Yellow and Brown Soap, Mould and Dipt Candles, &c.

N. B.—The highest price given for Fat and Ashes.

J. R. GRAVES.
aug 15—new 3m No. 386 N. 2d st. 3d door below Coates

Spring Garden Property,
In Exchange for Dry-Goods,
GROCERIES OR BUILDING MATERIALS.

A NEAT three story brick dwelling, lately finished, and now occupied, will be exposed, at public sale, in exchange as above, for dry goods, groceries or building materials, at fair cash prices. The property pays upwards of six per cent. on the capital invested, and is becoming more valuable every year. Any person having such goods to dispose of, can receive more particular information by applying at No. 300 CHERRY STREET. sep 26—Recow*

MARSHALL'S
Concentrated Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla,
FOR THE CURE OF

Obstinate Eruptions of the Skin,	Scaly Eruptions, Pain in the Bones,
Pimples or Pustules on the Face,	Rheumatism, Tetter, Scrofula or King's Evil,
Boils which arise from an impure habit of body,	White Swellings, Syphilitic Symptoms.

And all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood, are more either in a long residence in a hot and unhealthy climate, or mercury.

THIS very convenient and active *Syrup*, is with confidence offered to the Medical Faculty, and to the public, as possessing, in an eminent degree, all the virtues of Sarsaparilla, being prepared in the most effectual manner, when by being purged into a formula of the London and Dublin Colleges is necessarily weak and inert, the virtue of the Sarsaparilla being destroyed or destroyed by long and continued boiling.—See Bache and Wood's Dispensatory, page 1272.

To the good quality of the root, and the peculiar method of preparation, is to be attributed the success that has uniformly attended the exhibition of this medicine; and those who have long suffered from the injudicious use of Sarsaparilla, will find the Concentrated Syrup not only an effectual remedy for the complaints above mentioned, but singularly efficacious in inflammatory Rheumatism, Ulcers of the Throat and Legs, Nodes, Chilblains, Erysipelas, Chronic Diseases of the Liver, Scorbutic complaints, &c., and at the same time the safest medicine that can be resorted to, giving strength and increase of health to the whole system.

In order to guard the superiority of Marshall's Concentrated Syrup, prepared by the new process, over all other preparations of Sarsaparilla, and the great demand for it, attempts have been made by persons ignorant of the process to imitate it, and to impose their weak and inert Syrup on the public as the same article. In order to prevent this imposition, the public will observe, that hereafter each bottle of the genuine article will have the written signature of the proprietor affixed to it. Prepared only at

MARSHALL'S Drug and Chemical Store,
No. 312 Market street, next door to the Western Bank, Philadelphia, and sold by most of the Druggists in the United States. sep 26—eo2w*

CARPENTER'S COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. C. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparations, as possessing all the qualities here described, and with much pleasure recommends it to the faculty and public, as a safe, pleasant, and soothing application, for all ordinary but irritable wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalding, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article upon whose virtues they can confidently rely. Mild, soothing and gentle in its effects, and particularly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, to a short time, and quickly hastens the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this article, as a preventive against the inflammations which are obtruded upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where it will attend to lating application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at C. W. CARPENTER'S Chemical Warehouse, No. 301 Market st. Philadelphia.

As these may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

jan 26, 1834—eof

Public Sale.

PURSUANT to the last will and testament of Jonathan Jones, late of Warminster Township, in Bucks county, deceased.

Will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on 2d day the 9th of the 11th month, (November) a valuable farm, handsomely situated on the county line road, dividing Bucks and Montgomery county, adjoining lands of Isaac Jarrett and others; containing about 57 acres, ten of which are well timbered, and about 4 good watered meadow, the remainder arable, in a high state of cultivation. The improvements are a stone dwelling house, 2 rooms on the first floor, 3 on the second, and a piazza in front; a stone barn, with stabling, corn crib, and wagon house adjoining; a stone spring house, over a good spring, and a well of water near the door. The whole of the above will be sold in one lot, or divided, and in good repair. There is also a good house of stone, a good apple orchard of grafted fruit, in the prime of bearing, and other fruit trees.

It is situated in a good and pleasant neighborhood, about 14 miles from Horsham meeting house, and about the same from the college of Hatborough, convenient to mills, schools, &c. Any person wishing to view the place, call on Isaac Jarrett, who lives on the premises, who will show the same.

Also, at the same time and place, a lot containing 10 acres, in Horsham Township, fronting on the Horsham road, adjoining lands of Eli Roberts and others, about one mile from Willow Grove. Also, a lot containing 7½ acres of land, handsomely situated, and in good quality as any in the township, in a good state of cultivation, and divided into convenient fields, with a good dwelling house and other necessary buildings thereon erected.

There is also on the premises, two dwelling houses, with wells, and pumps therein, near the doors; one house and with house, a large barn, and other buildings, and a young apple orchard of grafted fruit, in the prime of bearing. The neighbourhood is so well known, any further description is deemed unnecessary. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.

oct 17—40 IZRA CROASDALE.

Public Sale of Real Estate.

ON 5th day, the 12th of the 11th month next, a valuable farm, situated in Bristol township, Philadelphia county, adjoining lands of William Walmsley and others, containing 71 acres of land, handsomely situated, and as good quality as any in the township, in a good state of cultivation, and divided into convenient fields, with a good dwelling house and other necessary buildings thereon erected.

There is also on the premises, two dwelling houses, with wells, and pumps therein, near the doors; one house and with house, a large barn, and other buildings, and a young apple orchard of grafted fruit, in the prime of bearing. The neighbourhood is so well known, any further description is deemed unnecessary. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.

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THE LATEST FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.